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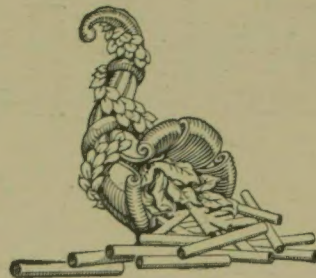
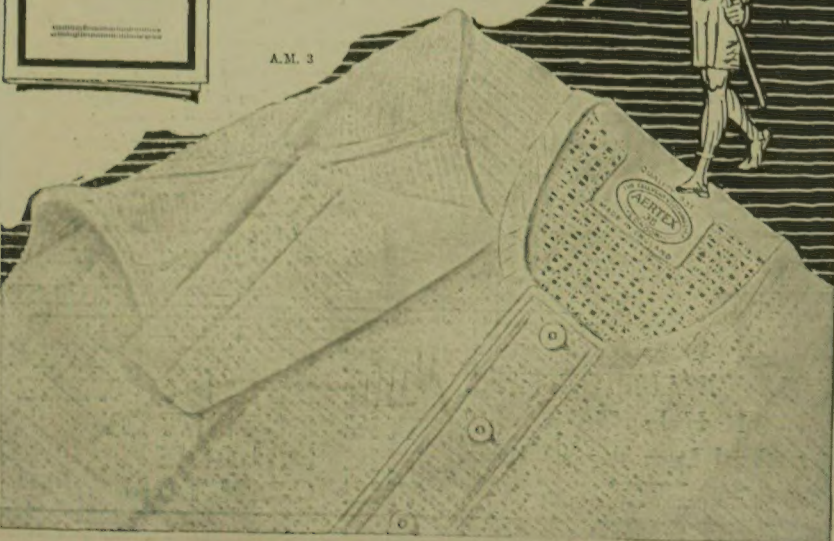
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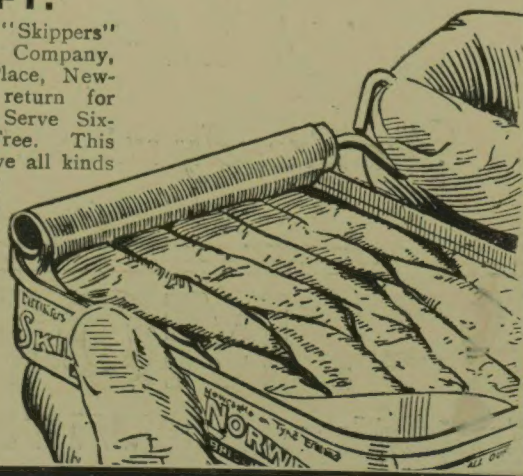
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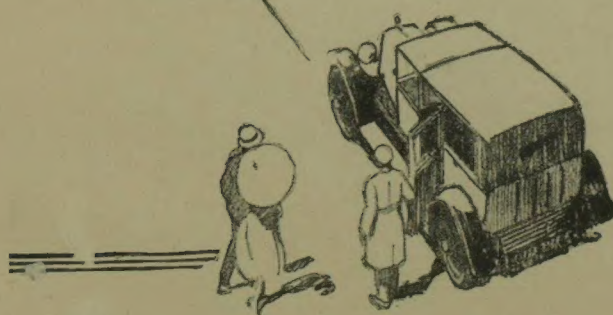
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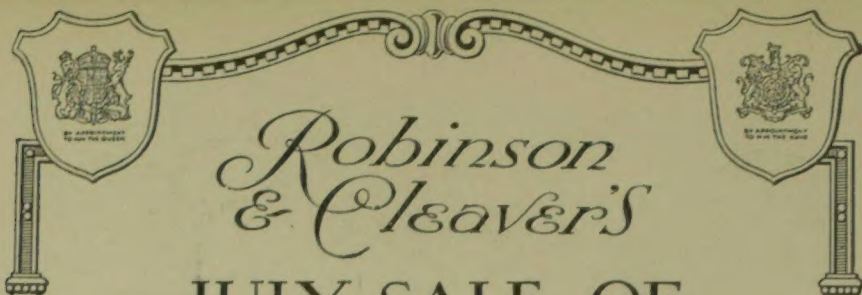
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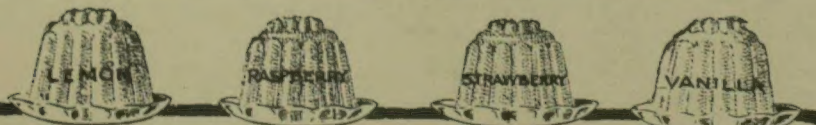
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We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Princess Slips made from rich quality crêpe-de-Chine. The pleating of the petticoat is permanent and is cut with sufficient fullness to allow ample freedom of movement, and at the same time to preserve the graceful slim effect; therefore it is particularly suitable for wearing underneath tunics and light summer frocks.

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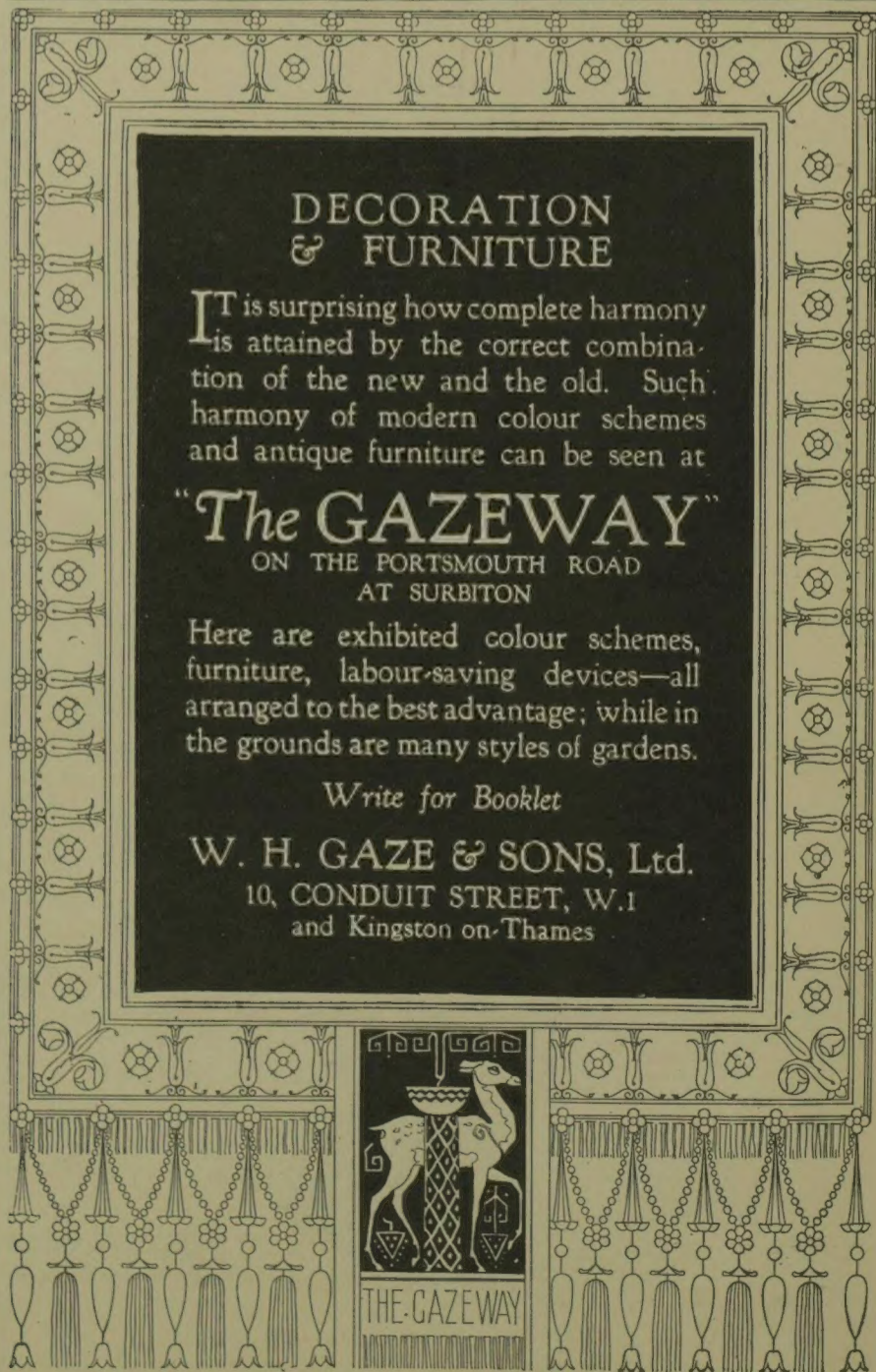
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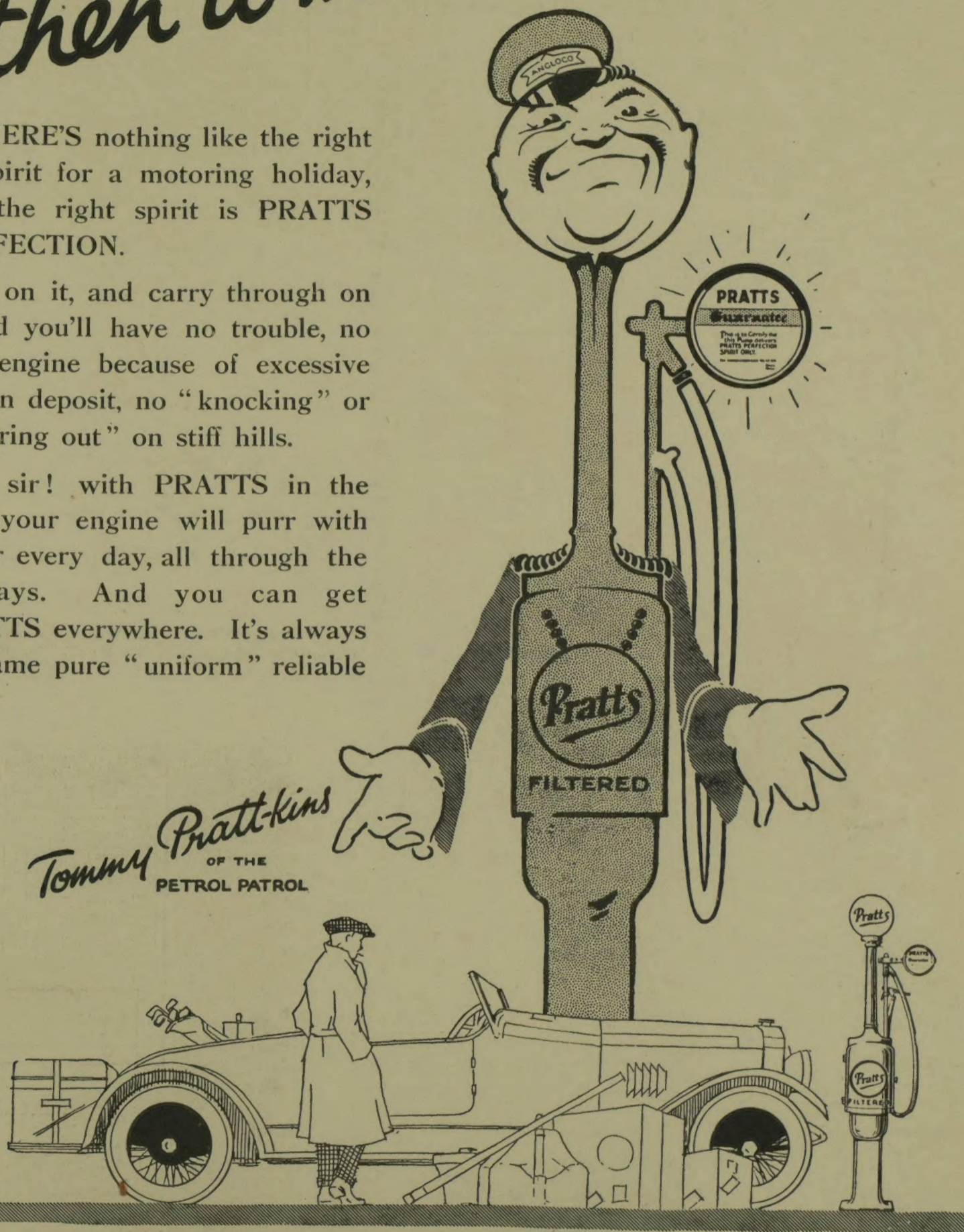


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THERE'S nothing like the right spirit for a motoring holiday, and the right spirit is PRATTS PERFECTION.

Start on it, and carry through on it and you'll have no trouble, no sick engine because of excessive carbon deposit, no "knocking" or "petering out" on stiff hills.

Why sir! with PRATTS in the tank your engine will purr with power every day, all through the holidays. And you can get PRATTS everywhere. It's always the same pure "uniform" reliable spirit.



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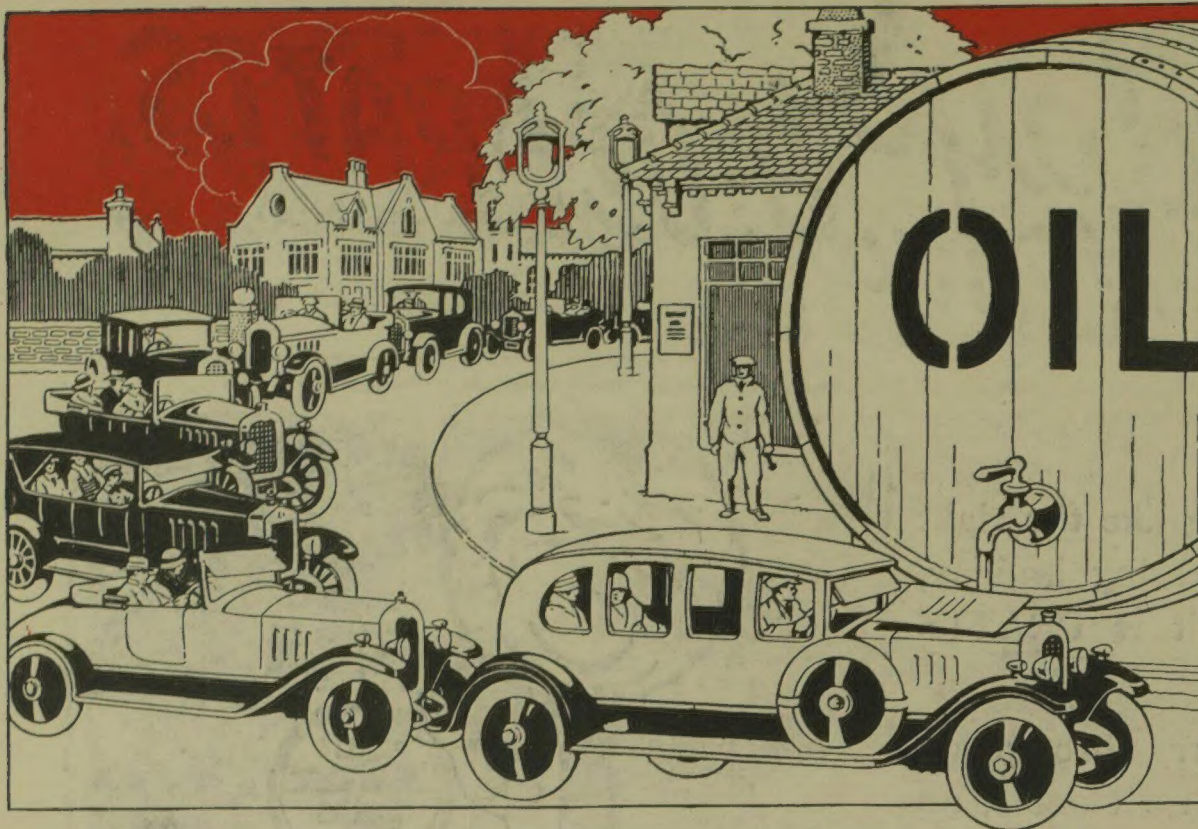


Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyl Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
E means Gargoyl Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arc"
A means Gargoyl Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB"
TT means Gargoyl Mobiloil "TT"
B means Gargoyl Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C., 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6-Cyl. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Belair, 9 h.p. (Beadshaw Model) ...	—	—	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Belair, 15 h.p. ...	—	—	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Belair (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	—	—	—	—
Bianchi (Model 20) ...	A	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bianchi (All Other Models) ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Busch ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	—	—	—	—
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. ...	BB	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
Calcott (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet ...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Clyde ...	BB	A	BB	A	—	—	—	—
Crosley, 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	—	—
Crosley (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—	A	—
Daimler, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq, 12/32 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	—	—	—	—
Darracq, 15/40 h.p. ...	A	A	A	—	—	—	—	—
Dodge Bros. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Hillman ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hupmobile ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lanchester ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	—	—	BB	A
Maxwell ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mercedes, Poppet Valve ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Mercedes, Sleeve Valve ...	—	—	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Minerva (4-Cyl.) 15 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva (6-Cyl.) 30 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—	A	—
Morris-Oxford (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland, 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
Overland (All Other Models) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	—	—	—	—
Peugeot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—	A	—
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (8 Cyl.) ...	—	—	—	—	A	A	A	A
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	BB	A	BB	A
Trojan ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	—	—	BB	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 10 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—	A	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	A	—
Vulcan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Willys-Knight ...	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
Wolsley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

Somebody's Mistaken!

When a Daimler is run on oil suited to a Rover Eight—when a Ford is filled up with an oil which would give correct results in a Rolls-Royce—*Somebody's mistaken!*

The mistake may mean a big repair bill later on. The answer in each case is likely to come in the form of unnecessary carbon, transmission troubles, fouled plugs and overheating.

No matter how many oils appear to "work all right," there can be only one oil whose body and character enable it to bring *all* the benefits of scientific lubrication. Have you found that oil?

Can you say that you have—and be certain? In body and character, the grade of Mobiloil specified for your car is scientifically correct. To the motorist who uses an oil of *different body and character* we can only say—*somebody's mistaken!*

Only one oil is best for your car. The chart at the right will tell you what oil that is. If your car is not listed in the partial chart shown here, send for our booklet "Correct Lubrication," which contains the complete chart.



Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

REMEMBER :

Ask for Gargoyl Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyl Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1925.

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A TRIUMPHANT AND UNCONVENTIONAL "TOSCA" TO BE HEARD BY THE KING AND QUEEN: MME. MARIA JERITZA, WHOSE BEAUTIFUL SINGING AND SPECTACULAR ACTING "BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mme. Maria Jeritza, the famous Viennese soprano, achieved one of the greatest triumphs of recent years when she appeared there for the first time, on June 16, in the title-rôle of "La Tosca." It was due to the rare combination of a beautiful woman with a beautiful voice, vivid personality, and strong dramatic power. All this was enhanced by the fact that her rendering of the part was

unconventional and spectacular. Thus, in the torture scene, she rolled off the sofa and sang the song, "Vissi d'Arte," lying on the floor. At the same time she defied fashion with her long corn-golden hair, which she allowed to fall in dishevelment, and by wearing Edwardian dress in a Napoleonic setting. The King and Queen intend to hear "La Tosca" on Monday, June 29.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR Sir Oliver Lodge I hope there will always be a warm feeling of respect, especially among those of us who may be vulgarly supposed to distrust him for being a scientist, and are really much more likely to distrust him for being a spiritualist. But, as a matter of fact, Sir Oliver Lodge stands out, both among scientists and spiritualists, as a man having particular claims on the gratitude of those who think as I do. He has shown that a scientist cannot easily be a materialist; and he has shown that a spiritualist can make a long and desperate struggle to remain a sensible man. On the one hand, it is always fun to listen to the rationalists so very lucidly explaining that a belief in spirits or spectres is a superstition of unscientific times and countries, a thing possible only to rustics and rude savages unacquainted with the simplest laws of nature; and then ask them to proceed to the consideration of the case of the poor Oliver whose untutored mind finds ghosts in chairs and spirits on the wind, or whatever be the proper quotation. And, on the other hand, it is always worth remembering that Sir Oliver Lodge does recognise, as a good many spiritualists rather fail to recognise, that, even if spiritualism is a truth, it can be an exceedingly dangerous truth, just as those of us who deny it count it a very dangerous error. He more than most other men of his school has taken the trouble to warn people repeatedly of the possible abuse of psychical powers; and that is something even from the standpoint of those who have no use for them. I trust, therefore, that anything I ever said about Sir Oliver Lodge would be always counted consistent with a respect for his reputation and convictions; but what he says about things in general is open to equally general criticism.

He is reported as saying the other day in an address at Westbourne Park, "Why should not the earth be paradise? It will be some day. We have not been long on this earth as conscious beings. We have not been intelligent very long." Certainly anyone listening to a great many exponents of this evolutionary idealism would agree that they have not been intelligent very long. He might even be moved to a distressing doubt about whether they are intelligent yet. But this opening alone is of some interest, because of its insistence on the recent origin of man as a reason for a hope in evolution. A little while ago the champions of evolution were always deriding the superstitious supporter of Creation, because he was supposed to believe in a recent origin of man. We were told again and again that the orthodox belief was that the world was only five thousand years old, or some such exact measure. Those who told us so were apparently under the impression that it said so in the Apostles' Creed, or at any rate in the Athanasian Creed. As a matter of fact, I believe a number was thrown out as the suggestion, or at least the opinion, of some irresponsible individual clergyman or other in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Anyhow, most of those numbers are no more part of any orthodox belief than is the identification of the number 666 with Napoleon.

But, true or false, this was a very common controversial attack on the orthodox. I can myself remember, the last time I had the honour of meeting the late William Archer, that sincere and idealistic rationalist rallied me and my friends in a public speech about our orthodoxy, with its limited time and space; and suggested that we ignored the vast fields of free inquiry which science had opened up with the

study of the vast antiquity of man. It is something new to us to hear science insisting on the recent emergence of man. First, there was a tendency to suggest that man must have been created a long while ago, so perhaps he was never created at all. These philosophers said of the Creation as the old woman said of the Crucifixion, "Well, it was such a long while ago; let's hope it never happened." But the other philosophers prefer to suggest that man was evolved very recently, in the hope that he may be evolved very rapidly. I am not attempting to suggest, in a scientific sense, any comparison as to which of these views is correct. As a matter of fact, the comparison is too comparative to be correct. If everything is moving there is really no measure of movement; and these relativist reminders are not really relative to any-



A DRESDEN SOPRANO WHO RECENTLY MADE A TRIUMPHANT LONDON DÉBUT IN "AIDA" AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. ELIZABETH RETHBERG.

Mme. Rethberg made her first London appearance, on June 18, in the exacting name-part of Verdi's "Aida," and took the audience by storm with the beauty, power, and intelligence of her interpretation. She was trained at the Dresden Conservatoire, and at one time her ambitions were attracted towards the piano, but her début in a Bach festival at Leipzig decided her in favour of singing. She has since won favour on the concert platform in America, and last year she was the success of the season at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. A scene from "Aida" is illustrated on another page.

thing, except to a sort of standing prejudice against parsons. The first evolutionist really meant that evolution had been longer and slower than the parson thought. The second evolutionist really means that evolution has been more recent and rapid than the parson thought. Only, in these circumstances, it is a little bewildering for the poor old parson to know what he is to think.

Now what Sir Oliver Lodge means, I take it, is that human evolution has been recent in this sense: that the life of man on the earth has not been long enough to mark it as anything but a stage in a process of improvement; that such static quality as we see in the human lot is a stage rather than a status—a

thing like the landing on a staircase rather than the thing like a landing on the harbour that is our home. The period between the building of the Pyramids and the building of the Eiffel Tower, if it was not a progress, must have been a halt in a progress. The five thousand years of recorded history have been a pause, a pause for breath. Rather a long pause, some may think; but people do make these panting pauses sometimes on landings, when they are going up a skyscraper thirty storeys high. And Sir Oliver Lodge would, of course, say that the tower of evolution, up the winding staircase of which mankind is always moving, is truly and indeed a sky-scraper—a starry tower intended to reach the sky. The point is that some do hold, and apparently Sir Oliver Lodge does hold, that our status is a stage like a storey or floor in a sky-scraper—a landing on a stair. People have lingered some little time on the landing. They have picnicked on the landing; they have apparently gone to bed on the landing. Men of the school of Sir Oliver Lodge see the historic peoples of the human family thus camping out for long periods on stages of the staircase; but it is naturally their desire to minimise the length of these periods in order to show that the people are, however slowly, on the move. And, in order to induce them to get a move on (for it must be confessed that most of the picnic parties have a very stationary appearance) he tells them that the top-floor is Paradise, and that they may soon get to the top floor, since it is not so very long since they crawled out of the basement.

Now my philosophy involves, of course, the idea that, whether or no man is crawling slowly upstairs, he has already been kicked downstairs. It is also my philosophy that a man of any spirit is much more likely to run upstairs after having been kicked down (either in order to avenge himself on the kicker or merely to make up for lost time) than he is likely to move more quickly because everybody congratulates him on his astonishing alacrity in moving at all. It seems to me that to minimise the time he has lost, or the centuries during which he has lingered, is rather a mistake from the point of view of those who really want him to race ahead. They would be much wiser to prove that there has not been much improvement in the past if they want to startle him into improving in the future. Progress yesterday is really the enemy of progress to-morrow. Indeed, in one sense the whole theory of progress is the chief obstacle to our progressing. It does not stir people into any very bustling activity on the staircase to tell them it is a moving staircase.

But, in any case, that is the last rather curious phase of evolutionary advice. As such sages made evolution very long in order to get rid of the story of the Garden of Eden, so they would now make evolution very short in order to get rid of the story of the Fall of Man. There must be merely a rise of man almost as rapid as a monkey climbing a tree. I do not believe there is a word of truth in that very simple story of arboreal ancestry. I am not sure that I know exactly what Sir Oliver Lodge means by saying that men have not been intelligent very long; I suppose he would agree that Buddha or Homer or the Heretic Pharaoh had traces of intelligence. But, anyhow, if man really was a monkey who climbed a tree, then he was a monkey who jolly well fell off the tree; and a philosophical contemplation of the meaning of the incident will probably show that he did it because he was not a monkey at all.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

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THE ARMY POLO CONTEST: "FIRST BLOOD" TO THE AMERICANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., I.B., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE U.S. ARMY (IN WHITE) v. THE BRITISH ARMY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST MATCH AT HURLINGHAM, SHOWING ALL THE EIGHT PLAYERS AND THE REFEREE (BACKGROUND, EXTREME RIGHT).



A THROW-IN DURING THE FIRST MATCH BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND U.S. ARMY TEAMS: PLAYERS ENGAGED; AND THE REFEREE, LORD WODEHOUSE (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND).



AN EXCITING MOMENT: TWO BRITISH (LEFT) AND TWO AMERICAN PLAYERS AT THE MOUTH OF THE BRITISH GOAL IN THE FIRST MATCH, WON BY THE U.S. ARMY BY 8 GOALS TO 4.



INCLUDING THE KING AND QUEEN, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, AND THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE FIRST MATCH OF THE SERIES.

The first match in the international Army Polo Championship between Great and the United States, the polo event of the season, was played at Hurlingham on June 20, when the Americans won by 8 goals to 4. The teams were: U.S. Army—Major A. H. Wilson (No. 1), Captain C. H. Gerhardt (No. 2), Captain P. P. Rodes (No. 3), and Major L. A. Beard (back, captain); British Army—Captain R. L. McCreery (No. 1), Mr. W. S. McCreery (No. 2), Captain J. P. Denning (No. 3, captain), and Major D. C. Boles (back). Lord Wodehouse acted as referee, while Mr. W. S. Buckmaster umpired for the Americans, and Lieut.-Colonel Vernon

Keighley for the British. The game was played in the best possible spirit, and not a single foul was given. The second match was fixed for June 24, and a third (if necessary, to decide the best out of three), for June 27. The royal group of spectators shows (from left to right) seated in the middle row in foreground—the American Ambassador (Mr. Houghton), the Duchess of York, the King (next but one), the Queen, Lord Londonderry, and the Duke of York; seated in the row behind—Princess Arthur of Connaught, Viscount Lascelles, Mrs. Houghton, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Lady May Cambridge.

SUBMARINE "DREAMS" IN A DIVING-HELMET:

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN THE UNDER-WATER STUDY OF SHORE FISHES
IN THE GALAPAGOS ARCHIPELAGO.

By Professor WILLIAM BEEBE, Leader of the New York Zoological Society's Expedition in the "Arcturus," and Author of "Galapagos, World's End," etc.

We give here a further instalment of Professor Beebe's articles and photographs, supplied specially to this paper, describing and illustrating the scientific expedition of the "Arcturus" to the Sargasso Sea, the Galapagos Islands, and the waters of the Humboldt Current. Previous instalments appeared in our issues of March 7, April 11, and June 20.

ABOARD THE "ARCTURUS" OFF GALAPAGOS.

HISTORY does not tell us whether Robinson Crusoe ever made a return visit to his desert island, but if he failed to do so he missed a wonderful thrill. I realised this as the *Arcturus* steamed across the Equator, and one by one the dim shapes of islands rose before us, islands whose outlines are as familiar and friendly to me as are the jungle windings of a certain South American river.

Exactly two years before, almost to a day, the seventh expedition of the Tropical Research Department of the New York Zoological Society had brought me to this Galapagos Archipelago. On that first occasion we had peered at charts and pondered over positions in order to identify each cloud-capped island; but now those of us on this ninth expedition who had been on the former voyage could glibly hail each island and even rocky islet by name. There is a peculiar zest to such a return—a home-coming flavoured with adventures past and with the tang of adventures yet to come.

This expedition is an oceanographic one; so our interests were primarily with what lay beneath the waters that pound these lava shores. Our particular object in the Pacific was to investigate the Humboldt Current, that cold stream within the sea which rises in the Antarctic, washes the coasts of Peru, and is deflected towards the Galapagos, where it touches certain of these islands. By taking the temperature of the water, we hoped to map the flow of this current, and by the use of our nets and trawls we expected to make a survey of the life within and its effect upon the life of the much warmer waters which it traverses.

As we steamed slowly into Seymour Bay, on the north side of Indefatigable Island, we were escorted by many of the inhabitants. Gannets flapped round the ship and frigate birds soared above, craning their necks to view us from every angle. Long before we dropped anchor the wireless structure, the masts, and every guy and davit bore a row of birds, solemnly satisfied to ride home. Sea-lions' heads broke through the smooth water to investigate us, and we were treated to the most astonishing display of porpoises that I have ever seen. From all sides they came rushing toward the ship, parties of a dozen or a score to fifty, until the bay fairly boiled with their sleek, curving bodies. From our bow pulpit at a level with the water, the huge, bent backs were within arm's length as they wheeled and fell into line on the *Arcturus's* course.

As old-timers, we pointed out landmarks to the new-comers among us, and the air rang with excited cries of "There's where I saw my first *Conolophus*!" or "That's the place where Gilbert was treed by the herd of goats!"

As soon as the anchor-chains had ceased to rattle there was a great flurry of getting small boats over-side, and everyone made haste to get ashore on the steep white beach where oyster-catchers strutted and sea-lions basked—perhaps the very ones that had greeted us two years before. Flat shadows of rays slithered into deeper waters as our boats grounded among the furrows left by huge turtles, lumbering up the sandy slope to lay their eggs.

The silence of these islands, where there are few conspicuous bird songs and where the insects are quite silent, was intensified under the hot sun of early afternoon. We scanned the edge of the rocky cliffs for long-horned silhouettes of the large wild goats,

and greeted with real affection the first big land lizard that nodded at us peremptorily from under his chosen cactus. Later, as we lunched in the dubious shade of low scrub, three of these *conolophi* slowly approached, the rasping of their scales over the stones distinctly audible in the baking air. We tossed them apple cores and crusts, and they munched this unaccustomed food appreciatively, and fell asleep, with great fat forelegs stretched back along their bodies in attitudes that looked excruciatingly uncomfortable. After an hour on land we prepared for the business

preparatory to wading ashore, had it snatched from his hand, and watched a deluded grouper make off with it triumphantly, pursued by a dozen of his hungry fellows. After we had caught and identified the different species, and filled the ice-box to capacity with several hundred pounds of their solid flesh, we somewhat lost both scientific and gastronomic interest in them, and came to regard them as a nuisance to real fishing, second only to the sharks. The latter either take the hook and then sulk on the bottom for hours of your precious time, or else take hook, line, and sinker

and vanish in the distance. I have never seen a shark attack or show any disposition to molest schools of smaller fish about him until one of the latter was hooked. Then the fisherman must race to get his prize aboard before it is mutilated by the shark that instantly realises his fellow is in trouble and helpless. In the bay we hooked many fishes—big Spanish mackerel, a bass that we called the Hieroglyphic Fish because of its pattern, that looks positively decipherable; beautiful paranthias, flowing rosy red with sky-blue spots; a porgy of iridescent purple and silver; and many less ornamental but equally interesting specimens. Some of the brilliant and desirable refused to take a hook or to approach shallow water where we might have seined for them. Through the glass-bottomed boats we admired them gliding over the lava rocks, whose sombre tints set off their ever-changing colours; we watched them deftly twitch away the bait without touching the hook, and in the case of one kind of gaudy angel fish we had the tantalising pleasure of watching dozens of them lie idly on the

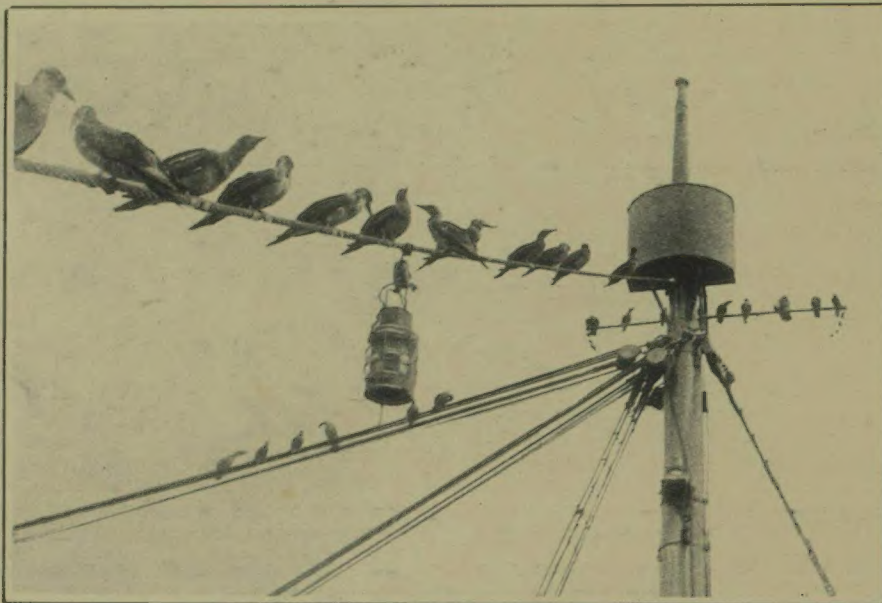
surface always just out of reach of net or grane.

In the assorted outfit of the *Arcturus*, we had included a diving helmet, and in the quiet waters of Darwin Bay, at Tower Island, we used it for the first time. Here is a brand-new sensation that should be recommended to every blasé soul. It is like nothing else in the world except a dream, if a dream can be said to be in the world. Instead of the huge, cumbersome suit in which we see divers encased in pictures, this outfit consists solely of a copper helmet. In a bathing-suit, or, if you prefer, in your usual clothes, you step over the stern, hoping that the man at the pump is not absent-minded. The descent of the first few rungs of the ladder is accompanied by a sensation in the ears very reminiscent of the Hudson Tube, but that is easily overcome. The use of this device will surely prove invaluable to the study of shore fishes, and I have already made hundreds of notes on their habits, which I could have obtained in no other way.

To remain for minutes submerged in a foreign medium is equivalent to being translated to another planet. The gurgling of the air forced down to you is forgotten in the intense absorption of taking in this new world. The refraction of the light makes all objects seem unnaturally large, and apparently you stride over mountain peaks in walking from one rock to another. You become deliberate perforce; your gestures cannot be otherwise than graceful. There is something irresistibly funny in watching, through the glass-bottomed boat, a creature who in his natural element is an angular, awkward animal, but who now is wafted along with legs and arms floating dreamily in a sort of slow-motion rhythmic dance.

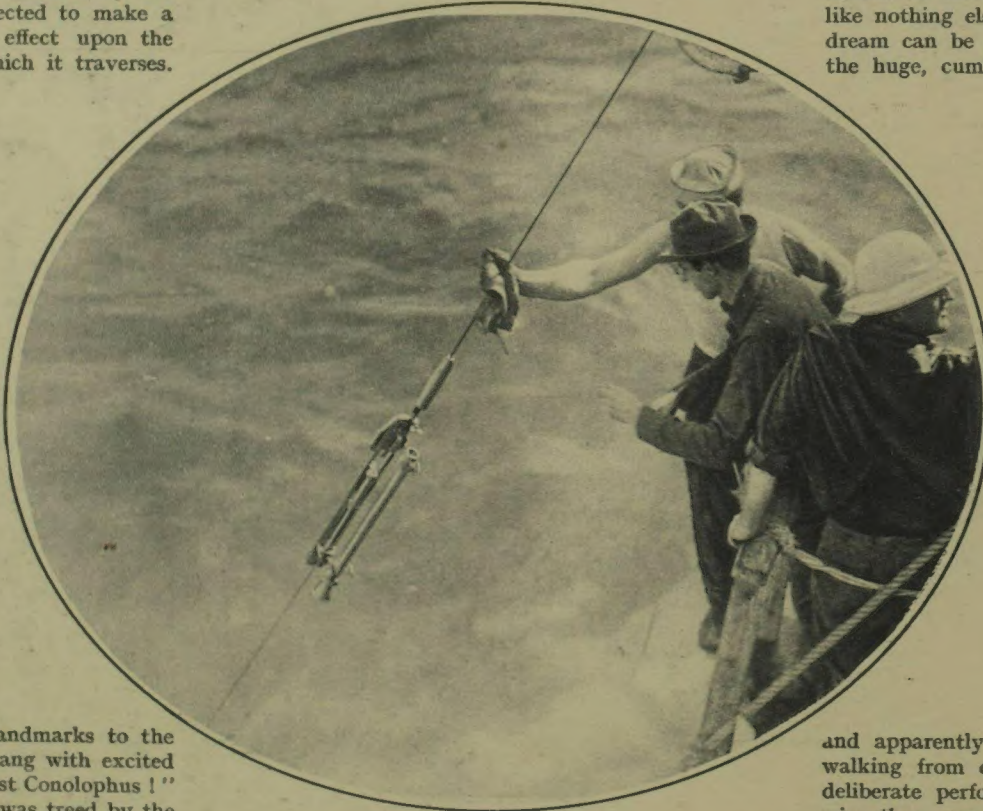
The denizens of the submarine world seem to have no fear of the phenomenon that descends among them. In fact, they pay it very little attention, unless you provide something attractive in the way of food. I stood in a lava canyon holding a fragment of crab in my hand, and in two seconds was so surrounded by clouds of fish that I could scarcely see through the glass windows of the helmet. All around swam fishes—black and gold, red and blue, blue and yellow—brushing against my fingers as

[Continued on page 1306.]



"THE WIRELESS STRUCTURE, THE MASTS, AND EVERY GUY AND DAVIT BORE A ROW OF BIRDS": THE "ARCTURUS" ESCORTED INTO SEYMOUR BAY BY "MANY OF THE INHABITANTS" OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

of shore fishing. For the fisherman who cares chiefly for the sport of pulling in victims, the Galapagos is an ideal spot. But if he desires variety of species he will soon be addressing fervent remarks to the huge groupers, so ravenous that they will take any bait,



"BY TAKING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER WE HOPED TO MAP THE FLOW" OF THE HUMBOLDT CURRENT, WHICH TOUCHES SOME OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS: SENDING DOWN A DEEP-SEA THERMOMETER AND A WATER-BOTTLE FROM THE "ARCTURUS."

The instrument here illustrated, consisting of a deep-sea thermometer and a water-bottle, will return with the correct temperature of the water half a mile below and a sample of water brought up from that depth.

Photographs Exclusive to "The Illustrated London News."

or a bare hook, and actually attack the whirling propellers of a motor-boat with the utmost ferocity.

On one occasion William Merriam, striking at a school of them with a sock that he had just taken off

WITH A SUBMARINE RETREAT AGAINST SHARKS: UNDER-SEA STUDY.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



PROVIDED WITH A SUBMERGED CAGE FOR RETREAT IF ATTACKED BY SHARKS: PROFESSOR BEEBE DESCENDING IN A DIVING-HELMET IN DARWIN BAY, TO OBSERVE AND HARPOON FISH.



A LADY-ARTIST PREPARING TO MAKE OIL-PAINTINGS UNDER WATER: MISS ISABEL COOPER, ONE OF SEVERAL WOMEN ON THE "ARCTURUS" TECHNICAL STAFF, WITH PALETTE AND BRUSHES AT HER WAIST, READY TO DON THE DIVING-HELMET BEFORE DESCENDING.

The present instalment of Professor Beebe's photographs and articles deals with the arrival of the "Arcturus" at the Galapagos Islands (in the Pacific on the Equator off Ecuador) after visiting the Sargasso Sea in mid-Atlantic and passing through the Panama Canal. The expedition expects to return to the Sargasso next month. "In the assorted outfit of the 'Arcturus,'" he writes (in the article opposite), "we had included a diving-helmet, and in the quiet waters of Darwin Bay, at Tower Island, we used it for the first time. Here is a brand-new sensation that should be recommended to every blasé soul. It is like nothing else in the world except a dream; if a dream can be

said to be in the world. Instead of the huge cumbersome suit in which we see divers encased in pictures, the apparatus consists solely of a copper helmet. . . . The use of this device will surely prove invaluable in the study of shore fishes, and I have already made hundreds of notes on their habits which I could have obtained in no other way. . . . Small sharks came to investigate me, but my assistants kept a vigilant watch for anything large enough to be alarming. . . . Armed with a small harpoon and provided with crab bait, I found it possible to spear many species that we had found unobtainable by any other means."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



OAKS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

FLAMING June is with us. May it continue its glorious course to the end! Laburnum and hawthorn and lilac have shed their splendours; but even now, well into the middle of the second week of June, I have found a feast of colour in the red-flowered chestnuts of the Savernake Forest. Yet the joy which these have given me has been saddened by the plight of the oaks, which in many places are as bare as in mid-winter. This seems to be especially true of the oaks in Richmond Park, which I visit almost daily throughout the year. On the first day of this month I stood at the foot of such a tree—indeed, there were many all around me. From their branches hung thousands of caterpillars, suspended in mid-air and swinging in the breeze, as if in malicious enjoyment of my dismay. Thousands more were climbing up and down the bark, and thousands more had combined to form great sheets of spider-like webs, wherein they sheltered. These had done all the mischief which so distressed me.

When I came to examine them I found that they were of several species. Chiefest among them were the mottled umber, the winter-moth, the common quaker, and the green tortrix. They had beauty neither of form nor movement, for they crawled by looping up the body. Holding on by the hindmost pair of feet, they stretched forth the fore-part of the body to take a fresh hold by the fore-legs, the mid-region of the body being footless. Whence had this all-devouring host come—a host that could strip an oak-tree in an incredibly short space of time? The members of the ravenous army were all the offspring of dull-coloured moths which shun the joyous days of summer, save only such as were of the green tortrix, of which more presently. The mottled umber creeps forth to lay her eggs on the bark and buds during the evenings of October and November. The winter moth carries on the evil work during November, December, and January. And, as if this were not enough, the Quaker moth takes up the running during February, March, and April. And they seem to vie with one another as to which can work the most mischief.

The first two on my list, from a strictly scientific point of view, are extremely interesting; and this because the females are wingless. The female winter moth, it is true, has vestiges which were once wings, but, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph, these stumps of wings are absolutely useless as wings. In the mottled umber even these vestiges have vanished. How, and why, has this strange state of things come about? The sexes, not only of moths, but of birds and beasts of all kinds, commonly differ, often

conspicuously, in coloration. But coloration is a very superficial character, and often differs in a most striking way at different seasons of the year.

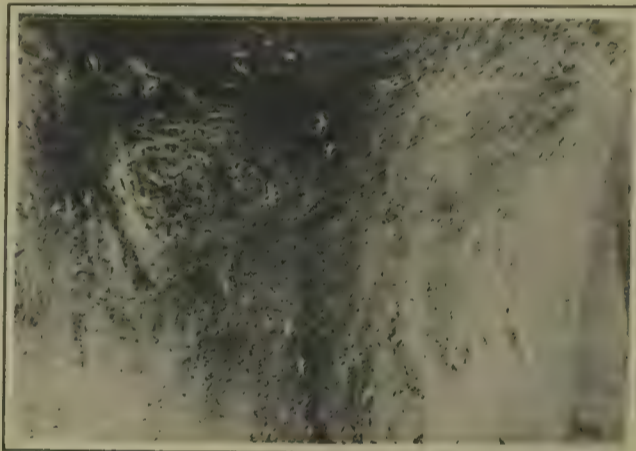


WITH THE LEAVES EATEN, BUT NOT THE LEAF-BUDS:
TWIGGS OF A DEFOLIATED OAK.

"Fortunately, only the leaves are eaten, and not the leaf-buds also, which are destined to restore the trees to their full activity."

Photographs on this page by A. H. Bishop.

Among the ruminants, as we know, horns and antlers are, in many species, confined to the males. Here we have a marked structural difference—that is



A FOREST GIANT AND ITS TINY FOES: PART OF AN
OAK TRUNK, WITH A SHEET OF SPIDER-LIKE WEB,
DOTTED WITH CATERpillars, SPUN AROUND IT.

to say, a difference affecting the skeleton, and not merely the covering of the skin. But this difference does not affect the activities of the hornless. And there is more behind it than this. Horns and antlers were in all cases first evolved by the males. Fossils show us that the antlers of the first of the deer-tribe were mere bony spikes. In the course of the ages, however, they gradually developed the peculiarities of branching to form the familiar "tines"—each species with its characteristic type of branching—till we get the wondrous armature of species like the fallow and red deer, the caribou, moose, and Schomberg's deer, or the strange antlers of Père David's deer. Only in the caribou and the nearly related reindeer do we find that the females have also acquired horns. This sequence, first the male, then the female, and finally the young, we meet with in the case of many characters, both superficial and deep. But in this matter of the wingless moths we have a different order of facts. These creatures have lost their wings.

The "Mendelians" will tell you that this is easily explained: they have simply lost the "factors" for the wing—and there you are! But this is an explanation which explains exactly nothing. It is not so much a statement of fact as a guess which leaves us "guessing." Moths and butterflies, we know, largely discover their mates by means of an extraordinarily delicate sense of smell. This emanates, in the case of the moths, from the females, and is picked up by the males by means of their antennæ, which are, structurally, very different from those of the females.

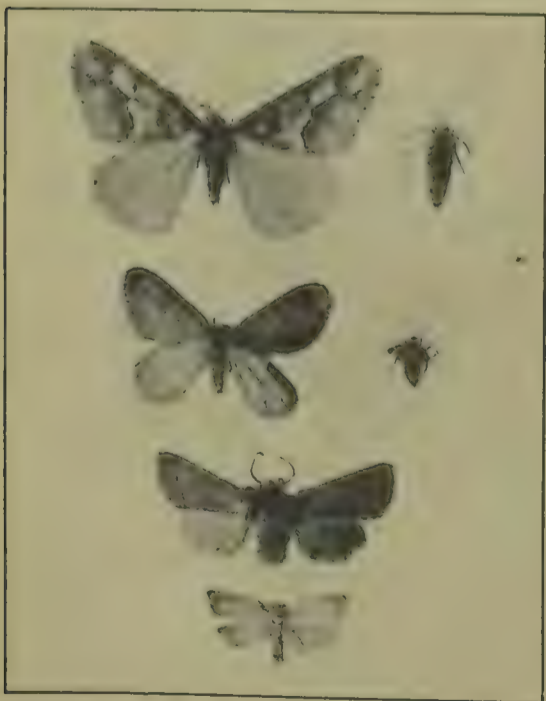
Even residents in big towns like London can test this for themselves if they will place a female vapourer-moth in a box, and put this on the window-sill outside the window. In a surprisingly short space of time that box will be surrounded by a dozen males, all seeking to gain access to the "eligible female" con-

cealed within. Even the empty box, if it has recently held a ripe female, will suffice to form a lure to these bachelors. But it is not merely wingless females which are capable of luring males to their retreats after this fashion.

And so, then, we come back to the question—how has this state of winglessness come about? It may be that it was due to a slothful disposition, which made these females induce their lords to seek them, and so save themselves the trouble of venturing forth in search of them. If this be true, then the loss of the wings may be due to the accumulated effects of disuse, which is not affected by the fact that the germ-plasm of the male contains the "factors" for wings. He cannot transmit them to his female offspring, because the necessary "hormones" for their development are not present in the females.

Some very interesting and important issues are raised here, which will repay much more attention than has yet been given to them. The opposite aspect of the matter—the matter of "use"—presents some puzzling features. For it does not seem to be that the "amount," or degree, of use is of the same urgency in all cases. And this because the wings are used by some insects only for an extremely brief space of time. In the queen-bee and the ants, for example, they are used only for the occasion of the nuptial flight. The queen-bee never uses her wings again, though she retains them throughout life. But in the case of the ants they either drop off or are bitten off, as if they feared they might be tempted, at some future time, to break their vows to renounce the world and its temptations. And now let us return, for a moment, to the destroyers of the oak. These insects do not confine their ravages to this tree. They will attack other forest trees, and they are a terror to the fruit-grower. It is on their account that our orchards are disfigured by paper bands, placed round the apple-trees, and covered with a sticky mess. These bands are intended to catch the wingless females as they climb up, after emerging from the chrysalis, for the purpose of laying their eggs. But the device is by no means completely successful. And this because the males gallantly carry their helpless mates up to the boughs far above the ground. Fortunately for the fruit-grower, this does not seem to be a universal habit.

As touching the green tortrix—this moth emerges in June, and loves sun. It is also a very beautiful insect, being of a delicious emerald-pale-green. I saw it this evening in Richmond Park in thousands. They were swarming all over the grass and the trunks of the oaks. A small percentage of the females, however, were less vividly coloured, being, instead, of a pale-cream colour. There could be no mistake about this, because many of these pale



CHIEF ENEMIES OF THE OAK: FOUR SPECIES OF MOTHS,
IN TWO OF WHICH THE FEMALES ARE WINGLESS.

The moths here shown are (as arranged from the top downwards) (1) the Mottled UMBER and its wingless female; (2) the Winter Moth, and the flightless female which still retains vestiges of wings; (3) the Common Quaker-Moth, wherein both sexes are winged; (4) the Green Tortrix, whose delicate emerald-green fades to a pale cream colour when exposed to sunlight.



STANDING AMID OTHER TREES SLIGHTLY OR NOT AT
ALL DAMAGED: A DEFOLIATED OAK.

females could be seen mating with the bright green males. These had faded by exposure to the glare of the sun, and the same fate will overtake them all before they die, if this gorgeous weather continues.

AMUNDSEN'S POLAR FLIGHT: A NARROW ESCAPE FROM TRAGEDY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



WITH HIS TWO COMPANIONS, LIEUT. DIETRICHSEN PILOT (LEFT) AND LIEUT. OMDAL, MECHANIC (RIGHT)—WHOM HE SAVED FROM DROWNING: MR. LINCOLN ELLSWORTH, NAVIGATOR (IN FRONT), IN "N24," READY TO START.



WHERE A DRAMATIC SCENE OF WELCOME TOOK PLACE ON THE PARTY'S RETURN: SPECTATORS CHEERING AMUNDSEN'S TWO FLYING-BOATS AS THEY STARTED FROM KING'S BAY, SPITZBERGEN, FOR THE NORTH POLE.



SHOWING (ON RIGHT) AMUNDSEN'S MACHINE, "N25," IN WHICH THE WHOLE PARTY RETURNED AFTER IT WAS DUG OUT OF ICE: THE TWO FLYING-BOATS ABOUT TO START FROM KING'S BAY, SPITZBERGEN.



STARTING ON AN EXPEDITION THAT INVOLVED GREATER PERIL AND HARDSHIP THAN WHEN HE REACHED THE SOUTH POLE: CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN (IN "N25") DONNING FUR CLOTHES JUST BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE NORTH POLE.



THE AMERICAN NAVIGATOR OF "N24," ONE OF THE TWO FLYING-BOATS USED: MR. LINCOLN ELLSWORTH, WHOSE LATE FATHER LARGELY FINANCED THE VENTURE.

Anxiety for the safety of Captain Roald Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer, and his companions, who left Spitzbergen for the North Pole in two flying-boats on May 21 and were missing for four weeks, was happily dispelled by the news that they had returned there on June 18. They failed to reach the Pole, but they got as far as 88 degrees north, they observed a large area of the Arctic hitherto unexplored, and they found interesting evidence of animal life (hitherto thought non-existent north of 85 degrees) in the shape of bearded seal, auks, and geese. On May 22, as their petrol was half gone and they wished to take bearings, they descended on the water in an ice lane, there being no suitable landing-place on the ice itself. The two machines were at once frozen in and locked in a mass of ice. "We were caught like rats in a trap," said Amundsen,

"and many times the situation was so ugly that we were tempted to throw up the sponge." It was impossible to return over the ice on foot, and the only hope was in the aeroplanes. They did not carry wireless. The party took three weeks digging the "N25" out of the ice, with inadequate tools, and during this period Ellsworth saved Dietrichsen and Omdal from drowning. The most thrilling moment came when the flying-boat was ready to start, with the whole party of six on board. An accident then would have been fatal. However, they got away safely, and after 8½ hours' flying reached North Cape, North-East Land. There they fell in with the Norwegian sealer "Sjoeliv," which received them on board and took the plane in tow. On June 16 it was left on land ice in Lady Franklin's Bay, and the ship proceeded to King's Bay, Spitzbergen.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. MAY SINCLAIR.

AT a dinner of the P.E.N. Club in London I first saw May Sinclair. She was seated on the edge of a small dais that, earlier in the evening, had been occupied by musicians; and very diminutive and quaint she looked, dwarfed by her posture and the numerous people standing around her. I was presented to her, and my greeting was met with a scrutiny from her black eyes that was at once so intense and impersonal that it kindled curiosity within me as to its possible meaning. At first I thought her to be a bit "up stage"; but later a smile of such childlike sweetness suffused her face that this theory was demolished. Observation of her on subsequent occasions revealed a sensitive shyness that explained fully this curious defensive appraisal to which she subjects people at first meeting. Among her friends she radiates a gentle, warm-hearted confidence, revealing a simple and genuine joy in their companionship.

She has a charming little house at the corner of Abbey Road and Blenheim Road, and here I found her later for the purpose of making a drawing of her. "I shall make an ugly picture," she said, "but I don't care about that at all. The important thing is to have a good portrait of Jerry. I would like so much for you to include him in the sketch."

"Who is Jerry?" I asked, having a vision of a favourite nephew, or other male relative.

"I will show him to you at once," she remarked, disappearing for an instant and returning with a splendid black cat in her arms. A magnificent aristocrat he was, and one who did not bestow his friendship lightly, as my admiring advances were met with a lack of enthusiasm amounting to evident distrust.

"You will get along with him, I am sure," said Miss Sinclair. "Just now he thinks you are the veterinary, at whose hands he has suffered considerably of late." We started our task, the cat reposing, more or less nervously, in his mistress's lap; and, as his confidence in me grew to the point of suffering an occasional caress, I could feel that success with him was the royal road to my hostess's approval as well.

Any child would be rich in possessing the amount of love that the famous novelist lavishes on this animal. Her face shone with happiness as she talked about him. He came to her door a stray, and she had taken him in eagerly. His colour boded good luck; she hates to think what calamity might have befallen her if she had turned him away. She christened him for the Jerry in her novel "The Tree of Heaven." She was eager to see my sketch as it advanced, but never did I have a sitter freer from personal vanity; her anxiety was solely for the likeness of her beloved Jerry, and she begged me to abandon her head for the time, so that she might the sooner see his ebony sleekness mimed upon the paper. This achieved, her happiness was complete. Her interest in the representation of herself was casual to the last degree. It was only the cat that mattered!

Over the tea-cups she told me a bit about her method of work. When in London her usual hours for writing are from half-past nine in the morning until one o'clock, when she stops for luncheon. If she feels inclined, she sometimes continues her task for a short while in the afternoon, totalling about five hours a day when busiest. She never forces herself, however; if she does not feel like working she awaits a more propitious occasion.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST, ESSAYIST, AND POET:
MISS MAY SINCLAIR—AND JERRY.

A considerable portion of her time she spends in a little cottage in the Cotswolds, where she has for a studio a tiny structure that she described as a "shed." Her life there is a joy to her, the quiet of the place combining possibilities for work and recreation that even her reposeful neighbourhood in London cannot equal. Of late years, she said, her work comes quite easily for her, very little rewriting being necessary—a task that she hates most cordially.

Miss Sinclair has much interest in psychical research and phenomena, a number of her later stories being coloured by thought along these lines. Her conversation about these things revealed a faith in them almost equal to that of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, with whom I talked on the same subject. She gave me a volume of her own ghost stories, as she styled them, that were interesting to a degree. For a certain cult of mysticism now popular and widely discussed in London she has no credence, however. She was sufficiently interested to investigate it and attend some of the lectures of the Russian who is at its head, but I found her as good a sceptic as regards its teachings as I myself am.

On numerous delightful occasions I enjoyed the hospitality of this interesting woman, whose talent as a hostess hinges quite decidedly on her own evident pleasure in her guests. Having surrounded herself with a group of her friends, she does not try to dominate the party, but has more of a tendency to retire quietly into the comparative background, beaming contentment when her guests are busy with chatter, contributing to it herself usually rather sparingly and in a way to promote it best, with an eye constantly on the material comfort of the company as well. One damp and bitter December evening I was taken ill at her house with a chill and violent faintness that numbered me among the victims of an epidemic of influenza then current.

I was quite sorry to distinguish myself at her dinner party in this most awkward way, but the kindly solicitude with which she ministered to me, having caused me to recline upon a sofa, made me feel that to assist me was a source of real pleasure to her. It was evident that the incident afforded expression for a rich maternal instinct that is one of her conspicuous attributes.

Several times I had the pleasure of receiving Miss Sinclair in my London studio, and shortly after my return to America I saw her in New York. Eighteen years had passed since her last visit, yet she found the place to be much the same as before, only bigger, more hurried, and conspicuously increased in the altitude of its buildings. It was amusing to see red wine furtively served in tea-cups, and other transparent subterfuges for evading prohibition.

"I find that I have forgotten many of your customs since I was here last, the early hour for dining being one of them. I was asked to a party, the time set being a quarter past eight; it never occurred to me that I was not expected to dine, but no dinner was forthcoming. I suffered tortures from hunger, and when, at a late hour, light refreshments were served I did not dare eat as much as I wanted. American hospitality is limitless, however, and I am having a delightful time. I have been kept in such a mad rush from one function to another that I am nearly exhausted. My memory did not serve me well in the matter of your climate, either. I thought that heavy clothes would not be necessary, and

during the earlier part of my stay they were not, but now I feel the need of them very much. I had a bit of a visit in New England, and there particularly I felt the cold. I understand that there is danger of getting one's ears and nose frozen, so that they turn blue and drop off. I will not risk light clothing in America again."

She said she will write no "impressions" of America. She does not approve of perfunctory performances of this kind. One should know a place well before writing about it.

She spoke of the meetings of the P.E.N. Club, then in convention, and of some of its members whom she found particularly agreeable. The Press was full of the doings of this organisation, and the reporters had not neglected her. She produced two clippings from newspapers of a couple of rather outrageous caricatures of her that had excuse for existence by being exceedingly funny. She seemed to be a bit exercised about them, as she said with some show of concern—

"Tell me, really, do I look like that?"

An anecdote that amused me very much was about an American woman, a sculptor, and also a militant suffragette, who had been quite active in the most destructive period of this sisterhood, but at the height of their activities had gone to Rome.

"Her conscience was evidently troubling her because of her inactivity, and it occurred to her that she might be able to do something for the cause by proxy. So she wrote me a long letter telling me to go out and smash things so as to get myself put in jail! She had had a spirit revelation, she said, and the 'powers' had decreed that I do this thing! It did not appeal to me in the slightest degree to turn criminal and get myself locked up while she continued to work comfortably in Rome."

WALTER TITTLE.

PERSONALITIES; AND BASUTOLAND SCENES DURING THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CAMBRIDGE STUDIO, JAMES, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, RUSSELL, AND TOPICAL.



MAN OF LETTERS, AND MASTER OF MAGDALENE: THE LATE MR. A. C. BENSON.



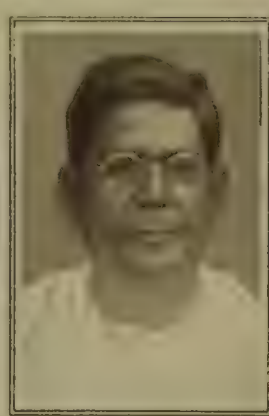
A FAMOUS AMERICAN POLITICIAN: THE LATE SENATOR LA FOLLETTE.



ENGAGED TO PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE: PRINCESS MAFALDA OF ITALY.



ENGAGED TO PRINCESS MAFALDA OF ITALY: PRINCE PHILIP OF HESSE.



LEADER OF THE SWARAJIST PARTY IN BENGAL: THE LATE MR. C. R. DAS.



APPOINTED SECRETARY OF THE RHODES TRUST: MR. PHILIP KERR.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS HAILED BY "THE SONS OF MOSHESH" AS "BRINGER OF RAIN AND PEACE": BASUTOS AT BREAKFAST ON THE MORNING OF THE GREAT PITSO (GATHERING) AT MASERU, HELD ON THE SPOT WHERE THE BASUTO NATION ACCEPTED BRITISH RULE IN 1853.



A BASUTO VETERAN WHOSE WELCOME TO THE PRINCE WAS DELIVERED INTO A MICROPHONE: THE NONAGENARIAN CHIEF, JONATHAN MOSHESH.



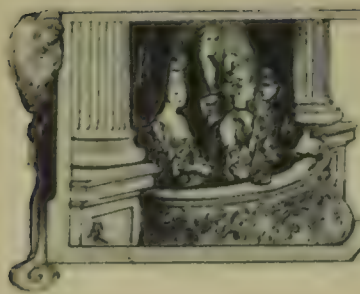
WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP IN THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION AT OLYMPIA: LT.-COL. MALISE GRAHAM ON HIS BAY GELDING, BRONCHO.



IN A HUGE FEATHERED AND HORNED HEAD-DRESS OF CUSTOMARY TYPE: THE RICKSHAW COOLIE WHO DREW THE PRINCE OF WALES THROUGH DURBAN.

Mr. A. C. Benson, son of the late Archbishop, and a distinguished author, had been Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, since 1915. He wrote the words of "Land of Hope and Glory."—Senator La Follette was born in 1855 on a farm in Wisconsin, of which State he was thrice Governor. During the war he showed German sympathies.—Princess Mafalda is the second daughter of the King of Italy. Prince Philip of Hesse was educated in England. His father is a first cousin of Queen Alexandra, and his mother is a daughter of the late Empress Frederick.—Mr. C. R. Das was born at Calcutta in 1870, and was called to the Bar in London. Since 1919 he had abandoned law for politics.—Mr. Philip Kerr was formerly editor of "The Round Table," and afterwards

secretary to Mr. Lloyd George (as Premier).—The Prince of Wales arrived at Maseru, capital of Basutoland, on May 28. The next day there took place the greatest *pitsa* (native gathering) ever held in the country. The most impressive incident was the speech of the venerable chief, Jonathan Moshesh, who is over ninety, and a grandson of the nation's founder. "I rejoiced," he said, "like old Simeon in the Holy Scriptures, when I learned that the Lord had risen again among his people. I am the oldest chief of my house; and as an old man who has not long to live, and one of the fathers of my race, I beg to express my deep gratitude." As the old man raised his hand, the assembled concourse shouted *pula khotso* (Hail, bringer of rain and peace!).



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



PIRANDELLO.—THE GREATER LONDON THEATRES.

THE advent of Pirandello and the Italian company performing the most famous of his plays—an enterprise for which we are indebted to Mr. C. B. Cochran—reminds me of that young Englishman who, years ago, tried to forestall the new master. His idea was to create an Ideal Theatre in which the actors would try to embody spontaneously the dramatist's plot untrammelled by his dialogue. In other words, the dramatist would foregather the players at a round-table conference and expound to them most minutely, and, if necessary, repeatedly, the subject of his story and the nature of his characters, and leave it to them to work out the rest for themselves. It was for them to absorb the spirit of the play, and anon to express themselves as they thought that people in search of a character would—not necessarily on the spur of the moment, but after mature reflection and penetration—and then rely on intuition. That little *teatro dell'arte* never materialised, and the scheme, after some lively discussion, fell into oblivion. It was not for lack of enthusiasm in the promoter, whose name I regretfully cannot recall, but because, as he said in a valediction, the actors of that time—it was in the 'nineties—were not of the mental calibre and equipment that would warrant a successful experiment.

So, until Pirandello gradually conquered the stage, nothing was heard of the ideal form; and not until I read the "Six Characters" did I recognise the method, slightly different but fundamentally the same. The difference is this: Pirandello does for the actors what the English pioneer desired the actors to do for themselves. He provides the plan as well as the projection. And that is where his genius comes in. His is the great gift of seeing the characters from within; of examining the *état d'âme*, the psychical constitution of people set to embody certain phases of life, and to play, as it were, the double part of a taskmaster and a free impersonator. In plain words, he propounds a question and lets the actor work out the response—not in a hide-bound way, but as he would answer it spontaneously, unswayed by rules, regulations, directions, and all the rest of technical demands of the stage. The result is something which is both concrete and at the same time ethereal, with the paradoxical effect that the ethereal becomes concrete. It is an exceedingly subtle art, and it accounts for the opinion often expressed by readers when the "Six Characters" and "Henry IV." appeared in print, that they "saw nothing in it." Only an imaginative mind reading the plays can visualise their inwardness. To the ordinary peruser they would seem dry, complex, and at times incomprehensible. But transfer the words to the theatre, to embodiment and voice, and the effect is almost magical. You see, as it were, two personalities—the one that the world believes him to be, and the other that lives in the recesses of his brain. The former is a mask, the other is; and so vivid is this vitalisation that you clearly behold the synchronised function of the *paratre* and the *être*, as a French critic so aptly put it.

On the surface the system—for system it is—may seem open to easy imitation. Already it has called forth many efforts obviously modelled on the Pirandello plays, mainly in America. But so far the master stands alone in the perfection of his skill of transmission. In the imitation there is always something which reveals its spuriousness—manufacture instead of inspiration; the machinery is there, but not the soul of the inventor. If it were not too banal,

one might think of the assemblage of a Ford and the exquisite attunement of a Rolls-Royce. If the Pirandello method becomes a short-lived craze, it will not be the fault of the master-artist, but of his artisan-followers. We shall hear from Pirandello's own lips how he works—how he discovered this evolution of the drama. He has already denied that his plays contain a "mission": by that he would indicate that there is neither purpose nor moral to be sought in his work. And this seems obvious enough. He



AT HER BEST IN A COMEDY OF MADCAP FUN: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS MRS. BLISS, IN MR. NOEL COWARD'S "HAY FEVER," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

sees the mentality of people in its true aspect, and he demonstrates that deep down in the soul of all humans there smoulders a rebellion against convention which

"Must you really go?" of the hostess, who in her heart of hearts thinks, "Thank heaven, they are going!" is Pirandello-drama reduced to a seemingly absurd minimum; but it is true and dramatic for all that (particularly when the guests don't go, after all).

In Barnes, just opposite the gates of Ranelagh, a charming little hall-theatre has been opened by Mr. Philip Ridgeway. In central London there is nothing to be compared to it except the Little Theatre, for the excellent Polytechnic Hall, where Ben Greet has been giving Shakespeare performances, is much in need of modernisation and the paint-brush.

But the Barnes theatre is spick and span; its colour-scheme is light grey; the cherry-red curtain is pleasing; the tip-up seats are comfortable; the whole thing looks neat and bright. Mr. Ridgeway hopes to make it a permanent home for West End productions, and if he succeeds he may, in course of time, render real service to the drama. But—there are three "buts"—he will have to exercise great care in the selection of his plays. A purely experimental stage will, I fear, not pay. I was there at a Saturday matinée—which should be a good test: the attendance was scant. Barnes evidently did not want it, and, if that is the attitude of the suburb towards its own theatre, what can be expected of the central London public? The ill-fated enterprise at Fulham should be an object-lesson. Suburban audiences are as keen in their judgment of the "goods" as the seasoned West-End playgoer. Even the star will not draw if the play is not the thing. The second "but" refers to the prices. Eight-and-six for first stalls and two-and-four for the cheaper seats is too much, since for a few pence more there are the great attractions up West. The competition defies comparison. Lastly, whenever a suburban theatre is not close to a station, the question of access, and more especially of home-going (except to those who live in the immediate neighbourhood) is a serious problem. It took me, watch in hand, forty-nine minutes to ride by bus from Piccadilly to Barnes. After the performance, when Ranelagh as well as the Barnes theatre sent forth a crowd, I waited half an hour before I could get a seat in a bus without a regular scuffle.

These three "buts" are far more important than they seem, as they affect the vitality of the enterprise, not only in Barnes, but in Kew, and elsewhere in outlying districts. And the gracious offer of the management of the "Q" Theatre to transport the critics free of charge from and to London, *vice-versa*, could scarcely be extended to the average playgoer. It would mean an expenditure out of all proportion to the revenue of the theatre.

The problem seems a difficult one to solve, and I fear that, in the long run, the local theatres will have to rely on the touring companies and on such experiments as may be dowered with their own money by ambitious playwrights and actors.

Meanwhile, everyone in the theatrical world, last but not least the hard-worked dramatic critics, would wish the theatres of Greater London the best of success. With perseverance and acumen in the choice of plays, and the maintenance of good all-round companies, all difficulties may

be overcome by those who have the means to hold out. But—it cannot be sufficiently emphasised—quality alone will not make the two ends meet. The road of popularity lies through the purse of the playgoer.



SQUABBLING OVER A MISTAKE IN FATHER'S NOVEL: THE BOHEMIAN BLISS FAMILY IN "HAY FEVER," AT THE AMBASSADORS—(L. TO R.) MR. GRAHAM BROWNE, MR. ROBERT ANDREWS, MISS MARIE TEMPEST, AND MISS HELEN SPENCER.

"Hay Fever" is an amusing play about a Bohemian family, in which the father is a novelist, the mother a retired actress, and the son and daughter typical specimens of precocious modern youth. We see them here squabbling over a question of Parisian topography in father's latest novel, quite oblivious of departing guests with whom the day before they had been vigorously engaged in flirtations.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

would change their outward aspect if they dared but express themselves as they really feel. Conscience makes cowards of us all, but, even more, consciousness and such prudence as dictates restraint lest candour should make us suffer for its outspokenness. The

DUTCH HISTORICAL PAGEANTRY: CELEBRATIONS AT LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."

ON A FANTASTIC
STAGE BUILT
BESIDE A
CANAL: THE
LANDING OF THE
SPANIARDS AT
LEYDEN—A SCENE
IN THE
PAGEANT
COMMEMORATING
THE FOUNDATION
OF THE
UNIVERSITY BY
WILLIAM THE
SILENT IN 1575,
AFTER THE
SPANIARDS
WERE DRIVEN
OUT.



WITH A HUGE
FIGURE OF
WILLIAM THE
SILENT (AT THE
BACK): ANOTHER
SCENE IN THE
PAGEANT
CELEBRATING THE
350TH
ANNIVERSARY
OF LEYDEN
UNIVERSITY—
TABLEAUX
REPRESENTING
(IN BACKGROUND)
BIRTH AND
INFANCY;
(FOREGROUND)
CHILDHOOD;
AND (CENTRE)
INDUSTRY.

Historical pageants representing the annals of famous towns are now common in this country, and it is interesting to compare with them a similar event in Holland—the recent celebration of the 350th anniversary of the University of Leyden. A theatre was built for the occasion, in the open air, like the classical theatre at Bradfield College (illustrated in our last issue), but, unlike that, of a distinctly modern, if not futuristic, design. Writing before the production, the secretary said, in a letter describing the arrangements: "The Leyden Union of Students (Leidsche Studenten Corps) has organised a week of festivities, commencing June 22, the culmination of which will be a performance at night of a

symbolic open-air play, representing the War of Independence against Spain (1568-1648), an incident of which, the successfully withstood siege of Leyden (1573-74) resulted in the foundation of the University by William the Silent in 1575. This play will be acted on an enormous stage built on one of the canals of Leyden. More than three hundred actors will take part, and the War Office has lent ten Army searchlights for the illumination of the stage." The opening scene, showing Holland at peace, was followed by tableaux illustrating the ages of mankind—infancy; childhood; lovers; a wedding; various industries; and, finally, old age and burial. The war scenes formed the second part.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TIME was when the popular notion of an archaeologist pictured a snuffy old gentleman in spectacles and a straggly beard, poring over fossils in a museum. That idea, indeed, was always more or less a fallacy, for the field-archæologist, at any rate, has ever been an active and enterprising person, and to-day, when the "field" has been so immensely extended, to the remoter lands of Asia, Africa, and America, such an expression as "old fossil" has completely lost its point. But the acme of romantic adventure arising out of the pursuit of archæology has surely been reached in the person of Colonel Thomas Edward Lawrence, the "mystery man" of the Middle East, and the "uncrowned King of Arabia." The veil had been partially lifted on his amazing war career, in the travelogues of Mr. Lowell Thomas on Allenby's campaign in Palestine, but readers have been eagerly awaiting a fuller story in book form. This has now arrived, in a volume of enthralling interest—"WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA," by Lowell Thomas. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 21s. net.), which will abundantly satisfy anticipations.

What exactly did Lawrence accomplish in Arabia? Before the war he was working on the excavations at Carchemish, under Mr. Leonard Woolley (a name well known to readers of this paper), and for seven years he "wandered up and down the desert, often accompanied by Woolley, but more frequently alone in native garb." Thus he became thoroughly at home with all sorts and conditions of Arabs, learning their languages and assimilating their ways. At twenty-six, "he was already familiar with Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia." When the war began, he at once tried to enlist as a private in Kitchener's Army. "But members of the Army Medical Board," we read, "looked at the frail, five-foot-three, towheaded youth, winked at one another, and told him to run home to his mother and wait until the next war. Just four years after he had been turned down as physically unfit for the ranks, this young Oxford graduate, small of stature, shy and scholarly as ever, entered Damascus at the head of his victorious Arabian army. Imagine what the members of the medical board would have said if someone had suggested to them in 1914 that three or four years later this same young man would decline knighthood and the rank of general, and would even avoid the coveted Victoria Cross and other honours! . . . Lawrence placed himself at the head of the Bedouin army of the Shereef of Mecca, who was afterwards proclaimed King of the Hedjaz. He united the wandering tribes of the desert, restored the sacred places of Islam to the descendants of the Prophet, and drove the Turks from Arabia for ever. Allenby liberated Palestine, the Holy Land of the Jews and Christians. Lawrence freed Arabia, the Holy Land of millions of Mohammedans."

Mr. Lowell Thomas, sent out from America as a correspondent, with a photographic colleague, Mr. Harry A. Chase, was attached as an observer to the Shereefian forces, and came to know Lawrence well. He writes in a spirit of hero-worship, and has told his story admirably, in a dramatic and picturesque style, with here and there, perhaps, a pardonable tendency to repetition. In a short review one cannot convey a tithe of the book's manifold interest. The illustrations are numerous and excellent—war scenes and portraits of British and Arab leaders, including many of Lawrence himself in Arab costume.

Everyone, of course, drags in the "Arabian Nights" by way of comparison in referring to Colonel Lawrence, but to my mind his adventures are far more absorbing than that string of "Munchausen" marvels recounted by Scheherazade, without dramatic sequence, purpose, or character value. The character of Lawrence interests me even more than his extraordinary achievements. It presents such a complexity of contrasts—shyness and courage, humility and pugnacity, studiousness and activity, patriotism and vagrancy, organising power and happy-go-lucky carelessness (as in money matters), the instinct of leadership, and a total lack of personal ambition or desire for honours and rewards.

The truth is that he was born with a natural military genius and a passion for unfettered freedom. "At Oxford . . . he never attended a single lecture . . . but spent most of his time wandering about England on foot, or reading mediæval literature," and "he made an exhaustive study of military writers." For the Arabian

campaign he got hints on strategy from Cæsar and Xenophon, and for light reading he carried in his pocket an Aristophanes. He had something of the Scholar Gipsy, though it could not be said of him that he

. . . came, as most men deemed, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more,

for after the war he accepted a research fellowship at All Souls. In youth he evidently shared Stevenson's early longing to lead a band of "robber horse," but, unlike R.L.S., he realised such aspirations. Another trait which drew him to the free life of the Bedouin was an apparent prejudice against petticoat government. "Perhaps that is one of the reasons," he once said, "why I am so fond of Arabia. So far as I know, it is the only country left where men rule." Yet he thought so well of women's fighting qualities that he called in their aid at the Battle of Petra. Much sand has blown over the desert since Lawrence left Arabia, and its present condition seems to indicate that things might have gone better there if he had become a crowned instead of an "uncrowned" king.

One would hardly expect to find any point of affinity between the war record of Colonel Lawrence and that of



THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST WHOSE "TABLE-TALK" INSPIRED A BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: "GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, ESQ." BY HAZEL LAVERY—A NOTABLE PORTRAIT IN THE NEW CHENIL GALLERIES AT CHELSEA.

Lady Lavery's portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw is one of the many interesting pictures to be seen in the new Chenil Galleries in King Street, adjoining Chelsea Town Hall. This important centre of modern British art was opened by Mr. Birrell on June 5. The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Augustus John, A.R.A., on October 25 last.

By Courtesy of the Directors of the Chenil Galleries.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, yet it appears that Mr. Shaw (who is mentioned by Mr. Thomas, along with Mr. Kipling, as one of Lawrence's "literary friends") also had at least a little finger in the Near Eastern pie—not indeed in Arabia, but in North Africa. The matter emerges from "TABLE-TALK OF G. B. S.: CONVERSATIONS ON THINGS IN GENERAL BETWEEN BERNARD SHAW AND HIS BIOGRAPHER," by Archibald Henderson, Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D., with portraits (Chapman and Hall; 5s. net). Another point of affinity is that Mr. Shaw's "biographer," like Colonel Lawrence's, is an American. Once the talk turned on Mr. Shaw's alleged "defeatist" utterances in war time, and Mr. Henderson said—

One of the most singular of the charges brought against you is that in some weird way you encouraged the Moorish tribes in revolt against France. . . . Your name was coupled with that of the English novelist, A. E. W. Mason.

The answer, as given in the dialogue, is on this wise—

SHAW (guardedly). I do not propose to give away such secret service as Mason undertook during the war. You must ask him about it. . . . Mason was one of a number of men of letters who, being long past military age when the war came, postdated their births recklessly and dyed their hair. . . . When the Germans told the Moors that I was a great prophet and that I had told Senator Beveridge that they were blameless in the matter of Belgium, Mason got on their track and told me I must play up. Accordingly we produced an "Epistle to the Moors," in a style founded on the New Testament, the Koran, and Captain Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights," which was much more to the point than chatter about Belgium. What did the Moors care about Belgium? We convinced them that they had better keep quiet.

The biographer, in interviewing his subject, puts some leading questions, such as: "Are you an Anarchist?" "Are you a Socialist?" or "Are you a Bolshevik?" and extracts some illuminating Shavian definitions. The most interesting discussions are those about plays and Mr. Shaw's method of writing, the possibilities of films, and the treatment of sex in modern fiction.

Despite the fact that three of the five interviews took place "in the dining-room at 10, Adelphi Terrace," I am not convinced that the term "Table-Talk" is quite appropriate to a vegetarian disdainful of "people who eat corpses and drink spirits." It sounds too convivial and suggestive of the habitual diner-out. But what else could the book have been called? The frontispiece—"G. B. S. on His Hearthrug"—indicates, as a possible alternative, "Hearthrug Talk," with its faint suggestion of "Heartbreak House." Again, I should like to have heard a little more about that biography, of which no particulars are given (or is it this book?), and I should have welcomed a few words of preface from Mr. Shaw by way of benediction. By alluding to himself, more than once, as "Shaw's biographer," Mr. Henderson seems to claim a kind of Johnson-Boswell relationship. In the course of the conversations it transpires that he has not specialised solely in Shaw, for he is also the biographer of Mark Twain and George Washington.

From a personal point of view, these sparks from the Shavian anvil leave me with a sense of remorse for a lost opportunity, for I also once met Mr. Shaw. It was not in the Adelphi in 1924, but about a quarter of a century ago (*cheu fugaces!*) at Hindhead, at the house of the late Mr. Frederick Jackson. Mr. Shaw, then a neighbour and friend, came in for a chat, bringing some of his plays (probably unpublished) in typescript, and I remember reading "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" in the garden. At that time Mr. Shaw had the aspect of "the young self" in Max Beer-bohm's cartoon. He talked fluently, but I, being young and callow and unforeseeing, omitted to inscribe any record on the tablets of memory. Had I but improved the occasion, it is conceivable that I, too, might have been Shaw's biographer!

The East calls to some of us very early in life. Who knows, for instance, what tales and pictures, or other influences in childhood, may have given a Lawrence or a Burton their first vision of Arabia? The authors of such picture-books may sow seeds that will spring up later to change the face of the world. An example lies before me which, from that point of view, deserves a word of commendation, albeit nursery literature does not usually figure on this page. It is called "A PICTURE GEOGRAPHY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. PART ONE: ASIA." By "Bryher," author of "West," with many illustrations in colour by M. D. Cole (Jonathan Cape; 2s. 6d. net).

Now geography, as presented to the infant mind, may be very fascinating, or it may be very dull. All depends on the sort of facts imparted and the manner of imparting them. The lady who adopts the pen-name of "Bryher" has chosen a plan ideal in both respects. She has taken twenty countries and islands, and gives in simple words quite a short description of each, telling what the land is like, how the people live, what the children wear, what animals there are, and so on. She eschews lists of names or statistics, and only mentions the capital or chief town. Above all, she never moralises.

Her work is not intended for class or school-room; it is a real story book, by one who has travelled far, with all the lure of colour illustration, and she wants children to read it not as a task, but purely for enjoyment. I am sure they will.
C. E. B.

Earthquake Havoc in a Part of Japan Believed Immune: Towns Destroyed.



WITH THEIR WORLDLY GOODS RESCUED FROM THE FLAMES: REFUGEES AT TOYOOKA, SHORTLY AFTER THE DISASTER, AND BURNING BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.



WHERE 1500 OUT OF 2000 HOUSES WERE BURNT AND ALL THE REST DAMAGED: AN AEROPLANE VIEW OF TOYOOKA ON FIRE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



LEFT INTACT WHILE THE BUILDING COLLAPSED: A STATUE OF BUDDHA AT THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF DAKOJI, AT TOYOOKA.



WHERE EIGHTY-THREE PEOPLE PERISHED: WOMEN AND CHILDREN REFUGEES HUDDLED UNDER QUILTS BESIDE A WRECKED HOUSE AT TOYOOKA.



ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF JAPAN WRECKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE: HAVOC AT THE FAMOUS STALACTITE CAVERNS NEAR GENBUDO.

Tutankhamen's Realm as a Setting for Romantic Opera: "Aida" at Covent Garden.



"AIDA" FROM THE AUDITORIUM: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) AIDA (MME. ELIZABETH RETHBERG), AMONASRO, HER FATHER (SIGNOR BENVENUTO FRANCI), RHADAMES, HER LOVER (SIGNOR AROLDI LINDI), RAMFIS, THE HIGH PRIEST (M. EDOUARD COTREUIL), AND PRINCESS AMNERIS, AIDA'S RIVAL (MME. GEORGETTE CARO).

A severe earthquake on May 23 devastated parts of south-western Japan, over a 200-mile radius from Kobe, a district hitherto thought comparatively immune, and was followed by destructive fires. At Kinosaki, a hot-spring resort on the Sea of Japan, only one (a stone building) of 2000 houses withstood the shock, while at Toyooka (10,000 inhabitants), 1500 out of 2000 houses were burnt,

and 83 people perished. The total estimate of deaths varied from 300 to 600. A fresh shock occurred at Toyooka on May 26. The sufferings of refugees were reduced by the fine weather.—The revival of Verdi's "Aida" at Covent Garden on June 18 was notable for a fine performance by Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg, a newcomer to London. A portrait of her is given on "Our Note-Book" page.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES," AND TOPICAL. THAT OF "AIDA," TAKEN DURING THE PERFORMANCE, BY THE "TIMES."

"BIG FISH" AT WIMBLEDON: LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP ATTITUDES.

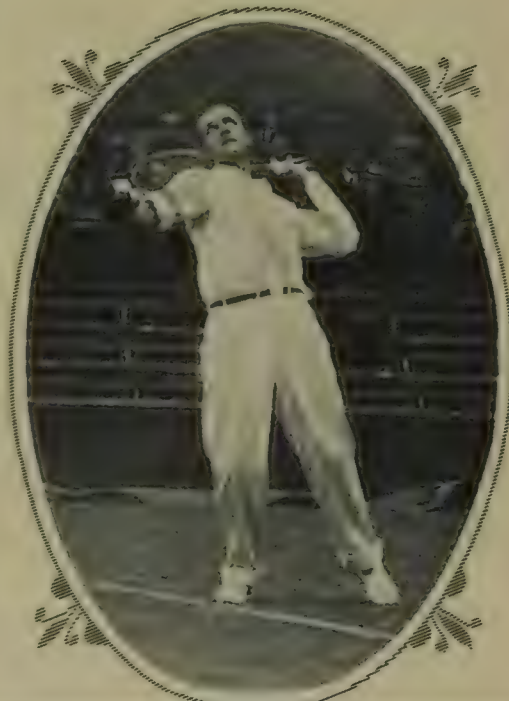
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., I.B., AND G.P.U.



RUNNING FOR A BALL: H. COCHET (FRANCE), WHO DEFEATED J. C. GREGORY.



A HIGH BACKHAND: J. C. GREGORY, DEFEATED BY H. COCHET.



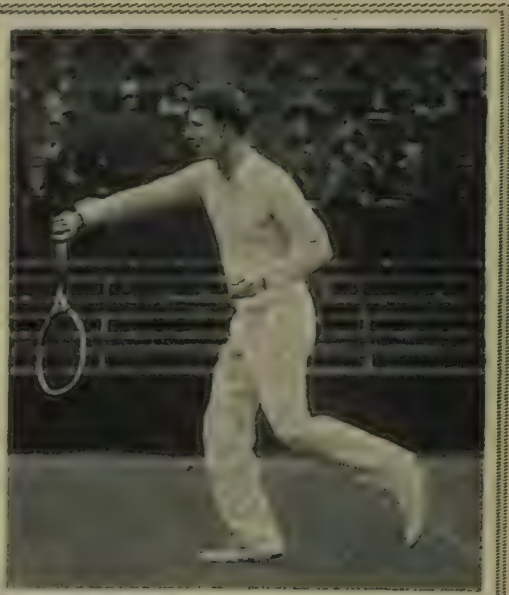
REPUTED THE WORLD'S FASTEST SERVER: RAY CASEY (U.S.) SERVING TO C. BRYAN (HOLLAND).



TAKING A RETURN BACKHAND: J. BRUGNON (FRANCE), WHO DEFEATED N. CRUZ.



THE HOLDER DOES A HIGH JUMP: J. BOROTRA (FRANCE), WHO BEAT R. W. HEATH (AUSTRALIA).



A BACKHANDER: J. HENNESSEY (U.S.), WHO BEAT M. VAN DER FEEN (HOLLAND).



A "BENDED KNEES" ATTITUDE: L. A. GODFREE (GREAT BRITAIN) DEFEATED BY NIGEL SHARPE.



A HIGH VOLLEY: R. LACOSTE (FRANCE), WHO DEFEATED E. HIGGS.



APPARENTLY CHANGING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT HAND: J. WASHER (BELGIAN CHAMPION).

The Lawn-Tennis Championships were begun at Wimbledon on June 22, with the first round of the Men's Singles. The results did not produce any very startling surprises, and the "big fish" did what was expected of them, although Mr. L. A. Godfree went down before Mr. Nigel Sharpe. There was a period of anxiety for Australians in the match between their champion, Mr. J. O. Anderson, and Dr. E. B. Andreae (India), who made a fine fight against him. The match went to five sets, and in the fifth Mr. Anderson at one time had three games to one against him, but he maintained the "will to win" and

took the set by 6-3. Mr. Ray Casey, the demon server from the United States, did not disappoint the spectators in that respect, but his opponent, young Mr. C. Bryan, of Holland, put up a good resistance, and secured one set out of four. Last year's champion, M. Borotra, of France, defeated the Australian veteran, Mr. R. W. Heath, by 6-1, 6-3, 6-1. M. Washer, the champion of Belgium, beat the champion of Sweden, M. Wallenberg, by three sets to one. In the first round of the Ladies' Singles, Mlle. Lenglen had a walk-over, for her opponent, Mrs. H. Edgington, scratched.

THE OLYMPIAN HORSE IN ALL HIS GLORY: A BRITISH VICTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND THE "TIMES."



WITH THE OBSTACLES ARRANGED FOR THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTEST FOR OFFICERS: THE DECORATED ARENA AT OLYMPIA DURING THE HORSE SHOW.



A TYPICAL JUMP IN THE COMPETITION FOR THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP: THE GREY MARE LEICESTER (FROM THE R. A. RIDING ESTABLISHMENT, WOOLWICH) TAKING THE STILE.



WON FOR GREAT BRITAIN BY LIEUT.-COL. MALISE GRAHAM: THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTEST FOR THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP—THE PRELIMINARY PARADE OF FIFTY-TWO COMPETING OFFICERS OF SEVEN NATIONS, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER (THREE BELGIANS, ONE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN, SIX FRENCHMEN, SEVEN ITALIANS, FIVE POLES, THREE SWEDES, AND TWENTY-SEVEN BRITISH).

The first day of the fourteenth International Horse Show, opened at Olympia on June 22 with a highly successful gala performance, brought a notable triumph for British military horsemanship. The principal event of the day, the international jumping competition for the King George V. Gold Cup, was won by Lieut.-Col. Malise Graham, D.S.O., 10th Hussars, on a twenty-one-year-old bay gelding, Broncho. Two other British officers—Captain Dunn and Captain Dudgeon—were second and third, and the fourth place was taken by Captain Koenig, of the Swedish Royal Horse. Since the King first presented the trophy, in 1911, it has been won four times by France, twice each by Italy and Great Britain, and once

each by Belgium and Russia. The previous British winner (in 1921) was Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, now in India. Before the contest, and just after the arrival of the Duke of Connaught, all the competitors paraded round the arena. Among the spectators were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and seven foreign Ambassadors. The programme for the succeeding days included, on June 23, the coaching "Marathon" for drags; on the 24th, the Toronto Challenge Cup; on the 25th, a "Marathon" for road coaches, and the police championship; on the 26th, the Prince of Wales's Cup; on the 27th, the Scurry Stakes (a steeplechase by the clock); on the 29th, the Canadian Cup; and on June 30, the "Daily Mail" Cup.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XVI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



BLINX AND BUNDA ENGAGE IN A "BUN STRUGGLE," WHICH ENDS IN THEIR "TAKING THE BUN" THEMSELVES.

The bun has ever been a fruitful source of humour, in all its manifestations, whether it be a Bath bun, a currant bun, a railway refreshment-room bun, a metaphorical bun, or a bun pure and simple. We are not told what particular sort of bun it was that Blinx and Bunda found, but, whichever it was, it exercised

the unfailing effect of its family on their sense of humour. After a sustained struggle between the promptings of generosity and self-indulgence, they finally yielded to temptation, and took the bun themselves, after subjecting others to the tortures of Tantalus.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



NEW TREASURES FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

A SERIES OF REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN AT MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE.



CONTAINING AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FACE-OINTMENT, WHICH IS STILL PLASTIC AND FRAGRANT AFTER 3300 YEARS, AND IS BEING ANALYSED: AN EXQUISITE COSMETIC-JAR FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

During his recent lecture at the Royal Institution on Tutankhamen's Tomb, Mr. Howard Carter showed many photographs, hitherto unpublished, of treasures of ancient Egyptian art found in it, including those reproduced above, and elsewhere, in this issue. The cosmetic-jar is of cylindrical form, with a lion on the lid, and feet formed of the heads of prisoners of African and Mediterranean type.

The sides are decorated with incised and painted scenes of lions attacking bulls, hounds chasing antelopes, gazelles, and hares. But the most wonderful thing about it was that it contained a cosmetic still plastic and fragrant after 3300 years! This face-ointment is being analysed by Dr. Alexander Scott, and it is hoped that it may prove valuable as an aid to modern beauty!

PHOTOGRAPH (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

Mr. HOWARD CARTER'S lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and the latest photographs of art treasures, found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen, which he showed on that occasion.

LECTURING at one of the recent weekly evening meetings of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Mr. Howard Carter—who, it is hardly necessary to recall, shared with the late Lord Carnarvon the extraordinary good fortune to discover the tomb of Tutankhamen, an archaeological success of supreme moment—gave some arresting details of the later finds, and threw upon the lantern-screen remarkable photographs of some of those treasures of the sepulchre that were not already familiar to his hearers.

It was our privilege to be present on the occasion in question, and to note to what enthusiasm the audience was aroused. Egypt, indeed, is singularly lucky in that she is now able to exhibit in her museum to visitors the rare fruits of excavations that brought to light the almost untouched burial-chamber of one of her ancient rulers.

Our readers will remember that we have published in the pages of *The Illustrated London News* a very fine series of photographs depicting many of the priceless works of art that were discovered; but it may be said with safety that none of those treasures—whether from the antiquary's or from the artist's point of view—has exceeded in interest those we are now able to illustrate.

At the opening of what he termed his discourse, Mr. Carter, remarking that he was about to deal chiefly with the labours attending the second and third seasons of the excavations in connection with the tomb, stated that it was not his intention to reiterate at length the incidents of the first part of the find, dramatic as those incidents were, and merely went over a little of the ground, by way of an introduction.

He reminded his audience how, after years of work and disappointment, Lord Carnarvon and himself made their epoch-marking discovery of the burial-place, thanks to the clue afforded by a step cut in the bedrock beneath the entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI., in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, which proved to be the beginning of a stairway; and then recalled with what a feeling of awe the excavators cleared the stairway and the descending passage, came upon the ante-room—and looked upon the splendour of the Imperial Egypt of the fourteenth century before Christ.

The confusion of the glorious objects of art was such that Mr. Carter felt, for the moment, almost as if he were in a theatrical property-room—such a theatrical property-room as has never been known, for the splendour was very great and without a counterfeit. Bewildered as they were by the almost overwhelming wealth, the explorers soon came to realise that they must immediately record the contents of the ante-room and preserve them, and that the other tasks entailed must follow; for the contents of the chamber were in such close proximity to one another that there was danger in touching them and peril in moving them. Indeed, as Mr. Carter pointed out, it took the major part of the first season merely to transfer them to the tomb of Seti II., which the Egyptian Government had kindly lent for use as a laboratory, where the listing, the conserving, and the packing were done in due course.

The ante-chamber having been cleared, it was possible to unravel the mystery of the inner sealed door, which, it turned out, was the entrance into the King's burial-chamber. With what followed immediately the world is familiar, for, as we have already said, the majority of the treasures of the ante-chamber and the burial-chamber have been photographed and published. It but remains to add, at this point that beyond the tomb chamber, "that silent seat of a Lord of the West," is a room which, like the annexe

and the ante-chamber, is filled with objects of art; the investigation of that remains until later.

The paramount attraction of Mr. Carter's lecture was, as has been noted, the part which dealt with the work of the second and third seasons. The duties of the second season began—under Dr. Mace—in the laboratory, where the chariots and the ceremonial couches were dealt with.

At the same time, Mr. Carter, aided by Mr. Callender, took the preliminary steps towards the investigation of the actual burial-chamber, by demolishing the partition wall dividing it from the ante-room. Had this wall not been taken down, Mr. Carter said, it would have been impossible to get

having been dealt with in the manner mentioned, it was thought that the next shrine, or shrines, could be handled in the same way. This was not to be. Parts of the second shrine were, indeed, fastened together by tongues; but, instead of being of wood, and so sawable, many of these tongues were of copper, inscribed with the insignia of Tutankhamen!

In due time came the reward of labour: the unmasking of the superb yellow quartzite sarcophagus, in which was enclosed all that was mortal of the young boy King.

Eighty-four days of really heavy manual labour went to this season.

Then came the third season, which was devoted to recording, preserving, packing, and despatching to the Cairo Museum the funerary furniture found in the burial-chamber.

Mr. Carter illustrated his remarks by means of very excellent lantern-slides. Many of the finds thus shown are illustrated in this issue, and with the pictures is given much of the information vouchsafed by Mr. Carter in his lecture. A few further details may be added.

The great outermost shrine, for instance, was found to be overlaid with finely incised gold foil, and to be inlaid with blue faience tiles decorated with the protective symbols Ded and Thet. It was about this shrine, said Mr. Carter, that there rested on the ground many funerary emblems and other objects—amongst them a sacred goose of Amen; a semi-translucent calcite lamp, which, when lit, displayed a picture of the King and Queen; a silver trumpet; a triple lamp which suggested the three-branched candlestick typifying the Holy Trinity; magic oars designed to ferry the King's barque across the waters of the under world; golden emblems of Anubis; and wine-jars.

Two folding doors were at the eastern end of the great shrine, and the opening of these revealed a second shrine and a number of splendid objects. It was within this second shrine, noted Mr. Carter, that were found a perfume-vase, various ceremonial vases, sticks, and stones, and the King and Queen's perfume-vase. This cosmetic jar and the gold stick were amongst the pictures shown by Mr. Carter, and are given in this issue.

As to the demolition of the great shrine itself, Mr. Carter described the dismantling at some length. The removal of the roof-sections exposed the pall screening the second shrine, an affair of fine

linen, with golden marguerites sewn to its fabric, supported by a wooden structure. This pall provided yet another problem, for its tissue was much damaged, and the weight of the material and of the marguerites had torn its drooping sides. It became necessary to reinforce the fabric, so that it could be rolled off on to a wooden roller, and this, Mr. Carter stated, was done (as a sequel to Dr. Alex Scott's experiments) by means of Duroprene, a chlorinated rubber compound dissolved in an organic solvent such as zylene. When the wooden supports of the pall had been taken away, the second shrine was fully exposed, and was seen to be a very beautiful construction of gilt, very like the first, except for the fact that it was without the inlay of blue faience. Not only were all the doors bolted at the top and at the bottom, but they were further secured by means of cord fastened to copper staples, and sealed with a clay seal bearing the impression of Tutankhamen's seal. Here, noted Mr. Carter, fortune was very much with him, for this undamaged seal provided the data that were being sought. It had been a question as to whether the ancient robbers who had broken into the ante-chamber, into its annexe, and into the burial-chamber had succeeded in reaching the King. They had not. There was the shrine intact! Its doors, with their original seal uninjured, proved



ENCIRCLED WITH A TINY WREATH, PROBABLY THE LAST TRIBUTE OF THE WIDOWED GIRL-QUEEN 3300 YEARS AGO: DETAIL OF THE ROYAL COBRA AND VULTURE ON THE BROW OF THE EFFIGY IN TUTANKHAMEN'S SARCOPHAGUS.

Amid all the magnificence of Tutankhamen's tomb, the most touching thing was the little wreath of flowers on the brow of the gilded effigy (shown on pages 1294-1295) in his sarcophagus. It was probably a farewell offering from his girlish widow, and brings us a touch of nature across thirty centuries. The cobra and vulture were symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Photograph as Shown during Mr. Howard Carter's Lecture at the Royal Institution. (Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

at the shrine within the burial-chamber, or to remove the funerary paraphernalia. As it was, the very restricted space and the suffocating heat made it enormously difficult to dismantle the shrines, of which there were four, one within the other. Nor did the workers' troubles end there. The sections and panels of the shrines weighed from a quarter to three-quarters of a ton each, and they were made of 2½-inch coniferous wood planking overlaid with very beautiful and very fragile gold-work upon gesso. Now the wood planking, Mr. Carter explained, was still sound, but 3300 years of exposure in a very dry atmosphere had caused it to shrink; while the gold-work upon gesso had, if anything, slightly expanded, so that there was a space between the basic wood and the ornamented gold surface, which was very liable to be crushed and to fall away; and the problem was increased by the fact that the sections were fastened together by hidden tongues of wood, let into the thickness of the wood.

Eventually, Mr. Carter said, it was found possible to free the sections and separate them by forcing the joints a little apart, slipping a fine saw into the opening thus made, and then sawing through the tongues. Seemingly, all was well; but, continued Mr. Carter, there was more bother ahead. The outermost shrine

(Continued on page 1306.)

TUTANKHAMEN'S "GOLD-STICK-IN-WAITING": EVIDENCE OF HIS YOUTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



A PROTOTYPE OF THE BRITISH GOLD - STICK - IN - WAITING, AND EVIDENCE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S YOUTHFULNESS: A CEREMONIAL GOLD STICK WITH A STATUETTE OF THE BOY-KING IN SOLID GOLD (FRONT, SIDE, AND BACK VIEWS).

Between the outermost shrine and the next one in the nest of shrines enclosing the sarcophagus of Tutankhamen were found, stood in the corners on each side, a number of ceremonial sticks and staves. Two of them were remarkable as being more ornate and resplendent than the rest. One of these was made of gold, and the other of silver, but otherwise they were identical in form and design, and were described by Mr. Howard Carter, in his recent lecture at the

Royal Institution, as "the prototype of the Gold-Stick and Silver-Stick in Waiting of our Court of to-day." The Gold Stick, which is here illustrated, consists of a tubular shaft of gold, about four feet long, surmounted by a solid gold statuette of Tutankhamen, cast and chased, and evidently the work of a master craftsman. The youthfulness of the chubby little figure bears out the theory that Tutankhamen was only a boy when he became King. The figure is about 3½ inches high.

TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES: A SACRED GOOSE; LAMPS; A WINE-JAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



AMEN'S SACRED GOOSE (*CHENALOPEX AEGYPTIACUS*): A REALISTIC FIGURE OF WOOD VARNISHED WITH BLACK RESIN, FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



SYMBOLISING THE THEBAN TRIAD, LIKE THE THREE-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK OF THE CHRISTIAN TRINITY: A TRIPLE LOTIFORM LAMP, IN ALABASTER.



SHOWING TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS QUEEN IN BRILLIANT COLOURS WHEN LIT WITHIN (SEE PAGE 1293): A WONDERFUL LAMP OF SEMI-TRANSLUCENT CALCITE.



A VINTAGE RECORD FROM EGYPTIAN ROYAL CELLARS 3000 YEARS AGO: A WINE-JAR INSCRIBED "YEAR 5, WINE OF THE HOUSE OF TUTANKHAMEN."

When the burial-chamber in Tutankhamen's Tomb was opened, there were found, between the golden shrine and the wall, some unique examples of ancient Egyptian art, four of which are here illustrated. Beside the sacred goose of Amen stood a lamp carved from pure and semi-translucent calcite, in the form of a chalice flanked with fretwork, symbolising unity and eternity. The cup, which held oil and a floating wick, shows no decoration inside or out until it is lit within, when a picture of the King and Queen in brilliant colours appears in the thickness of the calcite, as shown in our colour reproduction on page 1293. Apparently two

cups were turned and fitted one within the other, the picture being painted on the outer wall of the inner cup. Before the shrine doors stood another exquisite lamp, carved from a single block of semi-translucent alabaster, with three lotiform cups symbolic of the Theban Triad, just as the Christian Tricerion, or three-branched candlestick, typifies the Trinity. The other objects in the sepulchre included the silver trumpet and golden emblem of Anubis shown on page 1300, and several wine-jars. That illustrated above bears the inscription: "Year 5, wine of the House of Tutankhamen, from the Western River Chief of the Vintners, Kha."

TUTANKHAMEN'S PALACE LAMP: COLOUR BROUGHT OUT BY LIGHT.

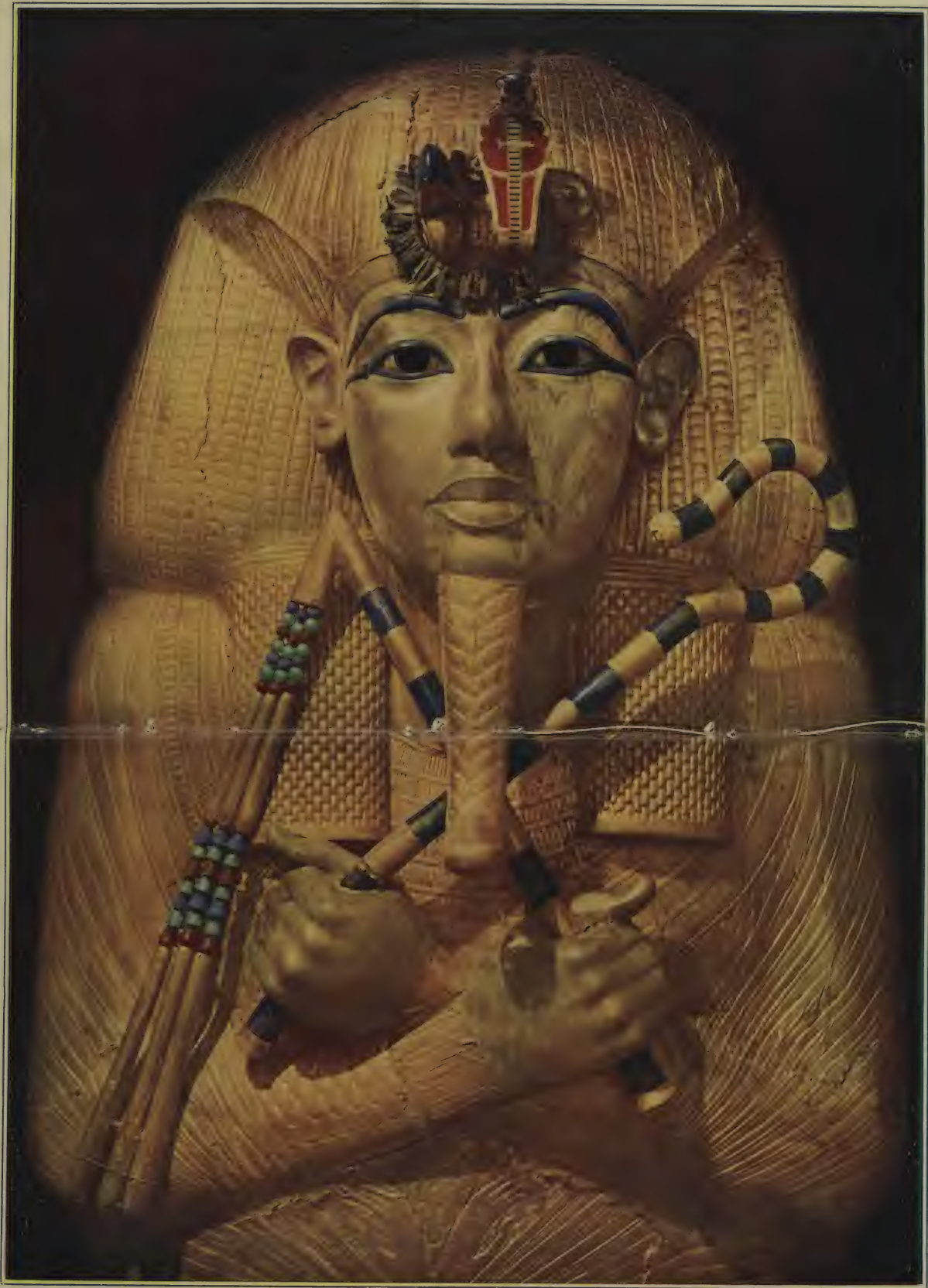
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHT SECRETLY RESERVED.)



WITH A COLOUR-SCENE (PREVIOUSLY INVISIBLE) OF THE YOUNG KING AND QUEEN REVEALED BY INTERIOR LIGHT: A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED LAMP, OF SEMI-TRANSLUCENT CALCITE, FOUND IN THE BURIAL-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN.

This lamp is not only an exquisite example of ancient Egyptian carving, in semi-translucent calcite, but it possesses a unique and mysterious feature. If the above picture be compared with the ordinary photograph of the same subject on page 1292, it will be seen that the central chalice, when unlit, has apparently no decoration on its surface, either within or without. Directly the wick floating on oil inside the cup is lighted, however, this interior illumination throws up, in the thickness of the chalice wall, a charming

picture of the boy-King Tutankhamen and his young bride, in brilliant colours as illustrated here. This mysterious effect is thought to have been arranged by turning two cups and fitting one inside the other, with the picture, painted in semi-translucent colours, on the outer surface of the inner cup. The chalice is flanked by a pair of graceful figures supporting the royal cartouches, accompanied by some fretwork ornament in a design symbolising unity and eternity.



THE GOLDEN COFFIN OF THE BOY-KING TUTANKHAMEN:

SYMBOLISING OSIRIS, AND, BY ITS FEARLESS GAZE, MAN'S ANCIENT TRUST IN IMMORTALITY.

This colour-reproduction affords a vivid idea of the wonderful sight that met the gaze of Mr. Howard Carter and his helpers when, after raising the lid of the sarcophagus enclosed in a four-fold gilded shrine in the burial-chamber of Tutankhamen, they removed the linen shrouds that covered the contents. Mr. Carter himself described it, in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, as "a golden effigy of the boy-King, of most magnificent workmanship," forming a coffin of anthropoid shape. While the decoration of the body is in bas-relief, the head and hands are beautifully sculptured in the round out of solid gold. The slightly paler hue of these flesh parts, as compared with the brilliant yellow gold

of the rest, gave a touch of realism, suggesting the grey pallor of death. The eyes are of obsidian and arragonite, and the eyebrows are inlaid with lapis-lazuli paste. On the brow are the cobra and the vulture, symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt; and encircling them is a pathetic little wreath of real flowers, still retaining a tinge of colour, believed to have been placed there by the widowed girl-Queen as a farewell offering. To the chin is attached the conventional beard often seen in Egyptian sculpture. The crossed hands hold two royal emblems, the Crook and the Flail, encrusted with rings of deep-blue faience. On page 1297 photographs of this effigy show its recumbent position in the sarcophagus.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

Dewar's



THE SPIRIT INCOMPARABLE

True to the last echo of friendship, ready to guard and to give.
Fine as the health of the Highlands; strong and generous
too. For such is the worth of a Clansman and

DEWAR'S

A PHARAOH'S TOMB INTACT: TUTANKHAMEN'S COFFIN AND SARCOPHAGUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



IN A MAGNIFICENT SARCOPHAGUS CARVED OUT OF A SOLID BLOCK OF YELLOW QUARTZITE: THE WONDERFUL ANTHROPOID COFFIN—A SCULPTURED GOLDEN EFFIGY—AS IT APPEARED TO THE DISCOVERERS AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE LINEN SHROUDS.



FOR COMPARISON WITH OUR COLOUR REPRODUCTION SHOWING IT IN ALL ITS BRILLIANCE OF GOLD AND INLAY OF VARIED HUE: THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S COFFIN, AS FOUND IN A RECUMBENT POSITION WITHIN THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Mr. Howard Carter has told how, on finding the seal intact on the second of the nested shrines in Tutankhamen's sepulchre, he and those with him realised that "we had at last found what we never dreamed of attaining—an absolute insight into the funerary customs followed in the burial of an ancient Pharaoh." A thrilling moment came later, when the doors of the fourth and innermost shrine were opened, revealing "a magnificent sarcophagus, carved out of a solid block of yellow quartzite," 9 ft. long, 4 ft. 10 in. wide, and 4 ft. 10 in. high. It had

a granite lid, which was cracked, weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and the raising of it was a difficult operation. After it was accomplished, another and yet more thrilling moment came when the linen shrouds covering the contents were rolled back, and there was exposed to view a wonderful anthropoid coffin, in the form of a magnificently sculptured golden effigy of the boy-King. The full glory of its colour is shown in our double-page reproduction in this number. The above photographs are interesting as showing the position in which it was discovered.

A PERFECT GEM OF THE TUTANKHAMEN PERIOD :

PHOTOGRAPHS (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD



(Front.)

A MAGNIFICENT PERFUME-VASE SYMBOLISING THE UNION OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT BY THE CENTRAL KNOT AND THEIR THE VASE SURMOUNTED BY THE GODDESS MUT IN THE FORM OF A VULTURE WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS, AND

This magnificent example of ancient Egyptian art at its zenith, 3300 years ago, is known as the King and Queen's perfume-vase. It was found, with other objects, between the first and second nested shrines in the burial-chamber of Tutankhamen's Tomb, when the folding doors at the eastern end of the outer shrine were opened. Mr. Howard Carter, in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, described it as "a rare and intricate masterpiece of alabaster carving embellished with ivory and gold." The centre-piece is in the form of the Sma-sign, meaning unity. The flanking floral ornaments are—on the right side the fleur-de-lys, signifying Upper Egypt; on the left side the papyrus flower, signifying Lower Egypt. The stems of these flowers are tied in a knot round the neck of the vase. The whole symbolises the unity of the Two Kingdoms—Upper and Lower Egypt. On either side, embracing

"THE TWO EGYPTS"—A MASTERPIECE IN ALABASTER.

CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



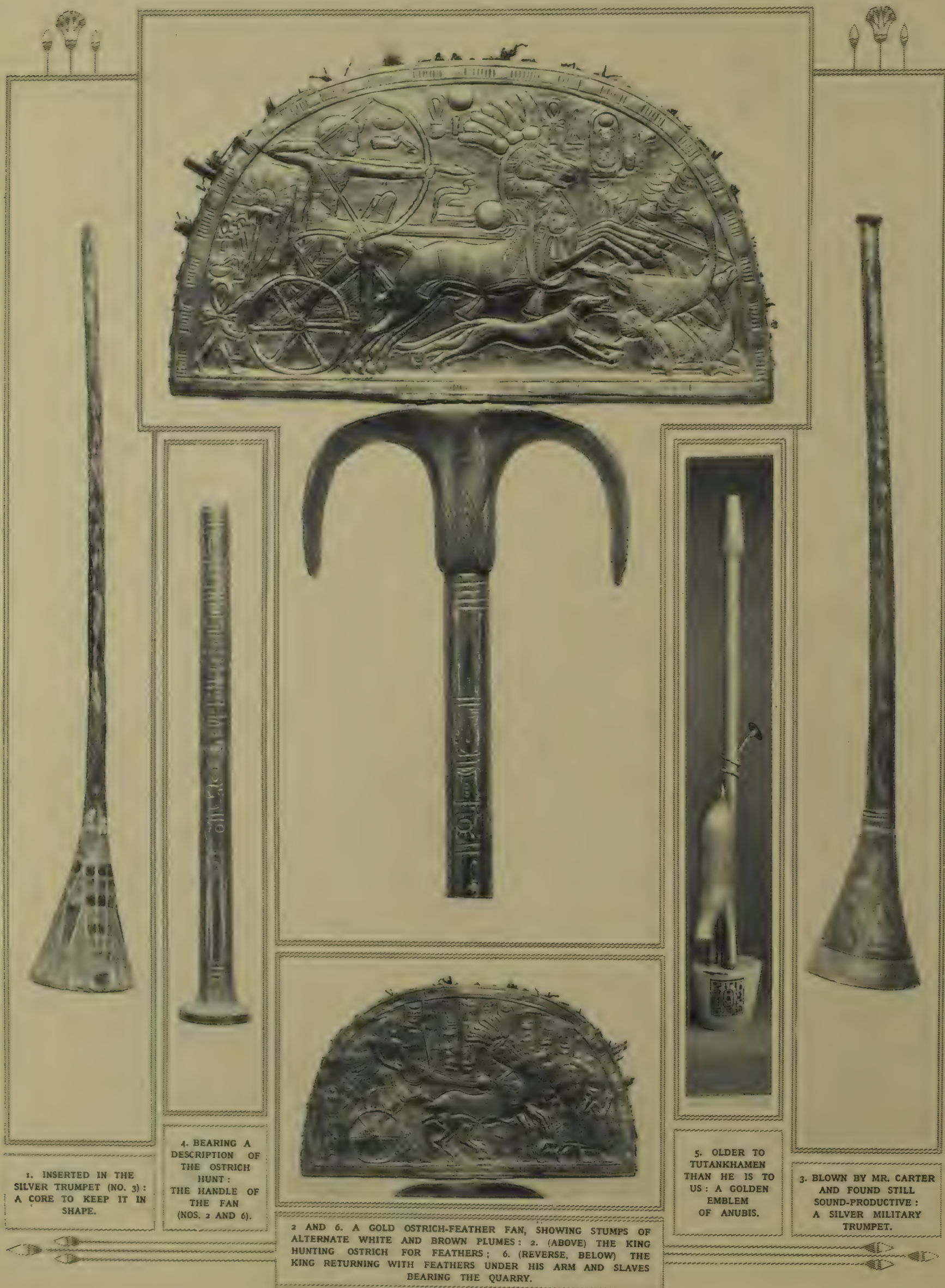
(Back.)

RESPECTIVE EMBLEMS—THE FLEUR-DE-LYS (RIGHT) AND PAPYRUS (LEFT), HELD BY FIGURES OF THE NILE-GOD HAPI : SHOWING THE TWO FIGURES OF THE NILE-GOD HAPI HOLDING COLUMNS ENCIRCLED BY THE ROYAL COBRA.

this floral ornamentation, are two charming ephebic figures of the Nile God Hapi, representing the Upper and Lower Nile, and supporting on their heads the emblems—papyrus and lotus—of the two countries. They also support slender columns of lotus and papyrus, which are encircled by the Royal Cobra and, in turn, support the two crowns, red and white, of Upper and Lower Egypt. On the top of the vase is the Goddess Mut in the form of a vulture with outspread wings. On the bowl are inscribed the titles of the King and the Queen to whom it belonged. The bowl was filled with a perfume which had, unfortunately, fermented. The details are of gold and ivory, while the main carving is out of a block of solid translucent alabaster. On the front of the pedestal the King's celestial name is supported by the hawks of Horus, the Sun God, and his terrestrial name is similarly supported on the back.

TUTANKHAMEN RELICS: OSTRICH FAN; TRUMPET; EMBLEMS OF ANUBIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS (TAKEN BY MR. HARRY BURTON) AS SHOWN DURING MR. HOWARD CARTER'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



1. INSERTED IN THE SILVER TRUMPET (NO. 3): A CORE TO KEEP IT IN SHAPE.

4. BEARING A DESCRIPTION OF THE OSTRICH HUNT: THE HANDLE OF THE FAN (NOS. 2 AND 6).

2 AND 6. A GOLD OSTRICH-FEATHER FAN, SHOWING STUMPS OF ALTERNATE WHITE AND BROWN PLUMES: 2. (ABOVE) THE KING HUNTING OSTRICH FOR FEATHERS; 6. (REVERSE, BELOW) THE KING RETURNING WITH FEATHERS UNDER HIS ARM AND SLAVES BEARING THE QUARRY.

5. OLDER TO TUTANKHAMEN THAN HE IS TO US: A GOLDEN EMBLEM OF ANUBIS.

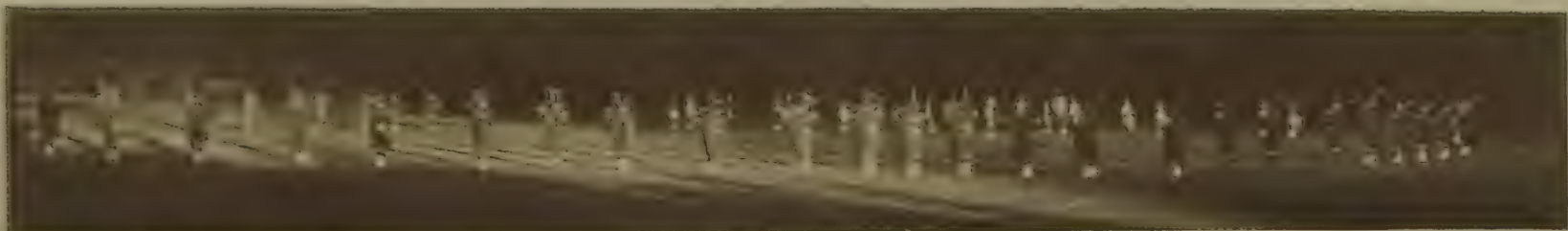
3. BLOWN BY MR. CARTER AND FOUND STILL SOUND-PRODUCTIVE: A SILVER MILITARY TRUMPET.

Among the objects found outside the shrine in the burial-chamber of Tutankhamen's Tomb was a silver military trumpet, dedicated to the three legions of his army patronised by Amen-ra, Ptah, and Horus. Mr. Howard Carter blew the trumpet and found that it still produced a resounding blast. Here also were found two golden emblems of Anubis, consisting of conventional animal skins hung on lotiform poles stood in inscribed alabaster pots. They were intended to help the dead King through the underworld. The interesting point about them is that their origin was far more ancient to Tutankhamen than he is to us. Ceremonial

flabella (fans) were used later by the Romans and are still used to-day at the Vatican. The one illustrated above is of sheet gold, about 4 ft. long. On the front (the upper photograph) is embossed a scene showing the young King Tutankhamen in his chariot, hunting ostrich for feathers for the fan and for his horses' plumes. A fan is represented behind the King. On the reverse (lower photograph) he returns triumphant with plumes under his arm and two attendants, preceding the chariot, each carrying a dead ostrich. The inscription on the handle records that the hunt took place in "the eastern desert of Heliopolis."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ITS OWN SEARCHLIGHTS: THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN IN ANY PREVIOUS PERFORMANCE: THE PIPERS—ONE OF THE CUSTOMARY EPISODES IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, GIVEN RECENTLY ON BEHALF OF MILITARY CHARITIES IN THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.



ANOTHER OF THE INCIDENTAL EPISODES IN THE BEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL MILITARY TATTOO THAT HAS EVER BEEN GIVEN IN THIS COUNTRY: A MUSICAL RIDE BY THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.



A SCENE THAT RECALLED ONE OF LADY BUTLER'S WELL-KNOWN MILITARY PICTURES: THE BRITISH SQUARE, WITH ITS COLOURS INSIDE, READY TO REPEL THE CHARGES OF FRENCH CUIRASSIERS IN THE "WATERLOO" EPISODE.



PERFORMED BY MEN OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT: THE "WATERLOO" SCENE IN THE MILITARY SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO AT ALDERSHOT—THE OLD GUARD IN BIVOUAC, BEFORE THE ALARM WAS SOUNDED ON THE APPROACH OF THE FRENCH.



IN A PROPHECIC EPISODE GIVEN AS A FORECAST OF WARFARE IN THE FUTURE: A SCENE FROM "ZEPHON" IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO—THE BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF KANVASDORP DURING A BRITISH ATTACK ON ENEMY ENTRENCHMENTS.

The Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, given on five successive evenings (June 16-20), on behalf of military charities in the Aldershot Command, was the finest and most successful ever presented, both in the customary incidental scenes, such as musical rides and the displays of pipers, buglers, trumpeters, torch-bearers, and so on, and also in the three main items of the programme. These were Tchaikovsky's "1812," with a spectacle of the burning of Moscow by Napoleon; a pageant of "Waterloo"; and an episode entitled "Zephon," representing a forecast of warfare in the future. Altogether more than 3000 soldiers took part in the production, the Waterloo troops being represented by

men of the Lincolnshire Regiment. In this episode a British force is seen halting and preparing to bivouac for the night, when suddenly the alarm is sounded on the approach of French cavalry. The troops form square, with their band and colours within, and repel charge after charge of the French Cuirassiers, who eventually retire. The British troops then form line and advance to meet French infantry emerging from a wood. The officers of the two forces exchange salutes, and volleys are fired at a range of fifty yards. The uniforms and arms, as well as the drill and discipline of the period, had been carefully reproduced, and the whole scene was highly realistic.

"Ten Thousand Obligements": Conservative China.

"EXTREME ORIENTAL MIXTURE." By GILBERT COLLINS.*

THE fire-cart steams into Peking from Tientsin, from Hankow, and from Kalgan; the breath-cart Fords or Rolls-Royces through the streets; the flying-barge swoops up from the aerodrome that was the Imperial Pleasance of Nan Yuan; but the

out all round, but not for torpedo-netting—only pantaloons, hundreds and hundreds of pairs, hung out to dry. The top of the turrets bristled with clothes-horses like a forest, and every quick-firer projecting from the gun-ports had its quota of snow-white linen and cotton sheets. Chinese Bluejackets were swarming aloft everywhere, like bees, each man with a large armful of washing and a mouthful of clothes-pegs; and where a battleship of another nationality might have run a string of flags up to the masthead, none of that vainglorious and effete jingoism, thank you, for the jolly tars of this Chinese cruiser. They had gone solid for the victories of Peace, and run up to their masthead a string of socks and shirts and handkerchiefs and jupons and other articles of clothing. . . . The crew had gone short of their pay so long that they had written it off as a bad debt, and shifted for themselves, and converted the ship's boilers into coppers, and recast the rigging and one thing and another, and were taking in washing from the civilian population ashore to keep body and soul together."

Assuredly, China is conservative! Could it be otherwise? "She has survived a dozen dynastic upheavals that would have extinguished many a European State. If it is a question of fitness to survive, the Hebrew race alone of all this world's races is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with her. She has watched Greece and Rome, Babylon and Egypt and Assyria flourish and peter out one after another for want of the necessary vital principle to keep them going any longer. She has absorbed and assimilated several biggish civilisations farther east, and is capable of assimilating plenty more yet. All the Western mechanical improvements being fed into her to-day will have been totally digested in the next two or three hundred years—will have become Chinese things without making China fundamentally one whit the less Chinese."

Meantime, there are Transition and Tradition, and Tradition is the stronger of the twain. Manners and moods prove it; temples foster it; the markets, whether the Lapis-lazuli or the Amethyst and Beatitude, proclaim it; the "good talk" of the shops announces it in graceful honorifics; restaurants thrive on it; and the theatres live on it. Squeeze and Face are the Gog and Magog of the city, the giants of graft and of esteem, of

graft countenanced by the ages, of esteem so vital that "the native who comes and cuts his throat on your doormat does it not so much to be revenged upon you for a supposed injury as because he has completely 'lost face' and wishes to point you out to the world as the cause of his dishonour."

Nowhere is the fact more obvious than in connection with the universal topics, food and entertainment. Mr. Collins makes this crystal clear.

For a banquet in Cathay, he—and Fellowes, the sinologue, with Wharton Smythe Maltravers—had the utmost difficulty in getting guests through the hospitable portals. Chu Hsien-sheng, Chin Lao-yeh, and Wen Ta-jen, the great man, scion of the Imperial House, entitled to wear the Yellow Girdle as a descendant of that Chien Lung who died in 1799, were rivals in politeness—and in determination not to abate one jot or tittle of their privileges of precedence. Each "after-you'd" to exhaustion, until our author cut the knot by going in first, lowering himself in everyone's eyes, but achieving his purpose!

At the feast itself punctiliousness was paramount. The many dishes that were negotiated with spoon, "hair-pin" fork, and chop-stick—the round, Chinese version, not the split, flat sliver of wood of Japan—were accompanied by courtesies and ceremonies elaborate and embarrassing. Of the items remembered clearly, there were sugared peanuts, as *hors d'œuvre*; bottle-green jelly enclosing hard-boiled black egg-yolks; chicken-slice; and duck—duck, presumably,

of the two varieties, the fly-aways of the wild and the walkee-walkees of the farm: pulped ducks' feet with what seemed to be mushrooms; duck dressed with seeds of the sacred lotus; duck's liver with red pepper; and "young duck and an envelope . . . you grasp a piece of the bird with your chop-sticks and entrap it in a leathery pancake which the waiter drops on to your plate at the critical moment; then eat the whole like a sausage-roll." Then, to end, a soup based on cabbage, and rice, plain and dry, or with sugar, water, and yellow wine.

The punctuations of the repast were at least as fanciful. It is no longer obligatory to express pleasure by Complimentary Eructation, but "in other respects Wen went the whole hog of native high breeding. . . . At a Chinese meal it is considered the cream of genteel behaviour to pick up food with your chop-sticks and put it into your friend's mouth; in that way you prove the great love that you have for him. Wen," writes Mr. Collins, "demonstrated his ungovernable regard for me many times."

And, writing of food, cooling is a problem! Ice-cutters saw slabs from the frozen canal and bury them in the ground—"next summer they will dig that ice up again and sell to thirsty souls."

The theatre—the true native theatre—is equally characteristic: when he wants amusement, and not the uplift of the modernised, educational stage, the Chinese steals away to the unsophisticated and watches Tang plays "written and originally acted in the eighth century of our era, or later ones introduced into China by Kubla Khan's camp-followers a matter of seven hundred years ago." There, in an auditorium where, as often as not, the men sit in the left half and the women in the right, he will cry "Hao, hao!" (good, good!) to the company, all men or all women, as it may happen; eat, drink, smoke, chaff and chatter as he chooses; catch the hot wet towels the management's myrmidons throw to him that he may mop his brow; agree that the scene-shifters and the actor's body servants are invisible, just as in "The Yellow Jacket"; appreciate the inevitable intoned dialect that is "quite unlike the moderately tangible speech of Peking"; and tell of the players' pay—how the Mr. May whose name is Mei-Lan-fang, Fragrance of Orchid and Plum Blossom, earns his thousand dollars a performance by his unrivalled "footlights" femininity—"I would stake wagers that no historic Princess of China ever was as beautiful and bewitching as Mei-Lan-fang looks."

And thus it is with everything: the veneer is Western, the foundation is of the East. That is the



SHOWING (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) THE CONDITION-OF-SECURITY-WATER-VAT, FOR USE IN CASE OF FIRE!—A CHINESE ROPE-MAKERS' FACTORY.

The water-vat holds about a kilderkin, and is in keeping with the Chinese idea of dealing with a fire; for it is seldom used! The native fire-engine, or "water-dragon," which Mr. Collins says might well be called a "water-newt," sometimes turns out about the "rush" of water you could turn out by holding your hand over the kitchen-tap. Many of the chief Fire Department Officials, by the way, gained their positions by passing high in examinations in the Confucian Classics.

Photograph from "Extreme Oriental Mixture," by Courtesy of the Author, Mr. Gilbert Collins, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

ancestral remains insistent, there is no need to Shaw back to Methuselah. Above the puffing and the rattle, the honking and the hooting, the buzz of propeller and the rip of planes, rise the hum of the barber's tuning-fork as the shave-head-one seeks his customers in the open, the clang of the lock-smith's gong as the iron marble hits it, the toot of the knife-grinder's horn and the Marley's Ghost clank of his chisel-blades, the tinkle of the fan-seller's bells, the kettle "campanology" of the tinker.

The Celestial Tommy's aim is erratic—"no soldier of any race can fire a rifle dangerously with his right hand while his left is busy holding up an umbrella."

The condition-of-security-water-vat is of little use to officials who entered the public service before the Revolution of 1911, and, therefore, secured their posts by passing with honours the examinations on Confucian classics—"as ill-luck will have it, never once in all his voluminous and uplifting compositions did Confucius breathe as much as a hint about how to put a fire out."

On New Year's Day in the Winter Palace, the President's residence, the Household Troops are resplendent; but the bandsmen dazzle the eye. "Every mother's son of them is arrayed like an aggravated instance of a Field-Marshal, and the conductor is arrayed like two Field-M Marshals, or even three. More striking still, and a little too striking for that matter, is the way this officer conducts. He does it with erratic and perilous sweeps of a naked lean sword. . . . The principal cornet sat nearest the conductor, and during the one short voluntary we heard from these musicians the conductor was within an inch or two of having the principal cornet's head off."

The Navy also has its features. Apparently, it is always washing-day, but there are days and days. Mr. Collins was ferrying across the Yangtze at Nanking when he espied a cruiser that was abnormally decorative. "You could scarcely see that man-o'-war for laundry; from stem to stern and from truck to water-line she was very little else. She had booms



WITH ICE SLABS CUT FROM THE FROZEN CANAL AND BURIED IN THE GROUND UNTIL WANTED: A NORTH CHINA ICE-CART IN MIDSUMMER.

Photograph from "Extreme Oriental Mixture," by Courtesy of the Author, Mr. Gilbert Collins, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

theme of "Extreme Oriental Mixture," the motif running through the changing chords.

Turn to the book; there shall you read of the tea that is Chinese and the tea that is China; of the ram-parts of Peking; of duty calls and devil-driving; of the episode of the Ming teapot and the Han jade; of arts and crafts and highways and hills; of comedies of civil wars and of the tragedy of Little Miss Harmony; of the biting of the Four Musketeers and how they fell before the blasts of the electric fan, and the forked tongues of Ananias and Sapphira, the tree-lizards; of a woman's £4,000,000 whim; and of much else that befell.

To Mr. Gilbert Collins "ten thousand obligations."

E. H. G.

* "Extreme Oriental Mixture." By Gilbert Collins, author of "Far Eastern Jaunts," etc. With Twenty Illustrations and a Map. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.; 10s. 6d. net.)

FROM THE LAND OF TUTANKHAMEN.



TWELFTH DYNASTY SEPULCHRAL BOAT IN SYCAMORE WOOD.
(The Goddess under canopy is Isis) 20 inches long.



USHABTI FIGURE. 26th Dynasty.
9½ inches high.



LIMESTONE MURAL FRAGMENT WITH BAS-RELIEF
OF QUEEN AAHMES. 9½ inches by 8½ inches.



USHABTI FIGURE. 26th Dynasty.
8½ inches high.



Bronze Isis and Horus.
7 inches high.

Bronze Neith, the
Weaver Goddess.
5½ inches high.

Bronze Harpocrates.
5½ inches high.

Bronze Mut.
5 inches high.

Bronze Harpocrates on Lotus
Flower. 5½ inches high.
Amherst Collection.

Bronze Set, the God
of Evil (very rare).
3½ inches high.

Bronze Khonsu. 22nd Dynasty.
6½ inches high.

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The World of Women

With her was Lady May Cambridge, in cream colour and cornflower-blue—a pretty girl, bright and happy-looking, but appearing older than her eighteen years. Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles also went to see the King's winning filly. The Princess wore a very pretty dress of bright pink silk Nottingham lace, the folds caught slightly up at one side with a cluster of roses. The hat, rather a large one, was of old gold, and on one side was a cluster of roses.

The Duchess of York looked very dainty and pretty in a dress of pale pink chiffon printed with a design of deeper hued roses, and wearing a hat of folds of chiffon shaded to a deep rose colour, the brim a loose, floppy one. She looked so nice walking between the two grey-clad sons of the King, her husband and Prince Henry—two well-set-up, slender, elegant young men as could be found anywhere. King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria were guests of their Majesties. The little Queen wore white foulard patterned in black with a large sunflower design, and a small black hat with brush aigrettes, black and white, in it. Princess Arthur of Connaught looked very dainty in a pale shade of cyclamen colour, neither pink nor mauve—a charming mixture of both. Her dress and small hat were embroidered in écru, and she walked out to see the horses with Prince Arthur. Lady Patricia Ramsay, tall, graceful, and pretty as a picture, was in pale fawn colour with long broad panels down either side of cream-coloured lace. A wide-brimmed hat of fawn-coloured straw was worn, with a cluster of roses at one side. The royal luncheon party was a large one on Tuesday; the verandah at the back of the stand was used for one luncheon table, with a white awning over it, and its rails a mass of rambler roses.



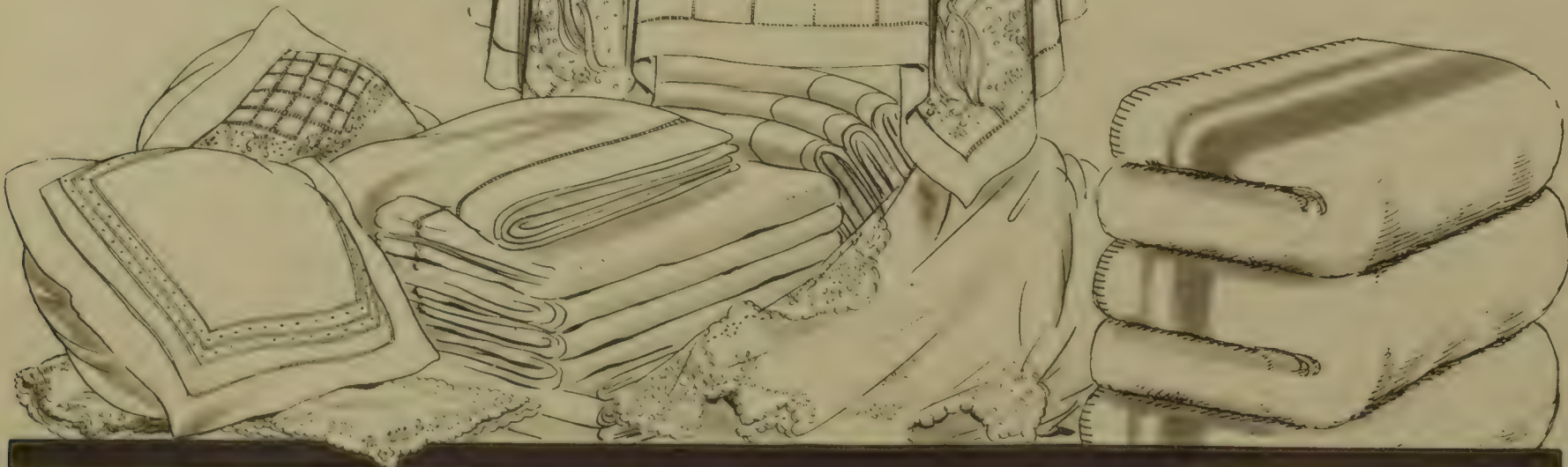
A lovely frock of embroidered crêpe-de-Chine which has been reduced to less than half its original cost for the summer sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. (See page 1308.)

ASCOT opened gloriously, the bright sunshine tempered by a delightful breeze. The women were in real summer dresses, and they were lovely. Printed chiffon favourite, printed foulard a good second, and lace third, is a good sporting opinion of dress. The Queen looked, as is her wont, beautiful, wearing a dress of the palest tone of the lip of a Cattleya orchid. It was of chiffon very finely embroidered in silver and tiny crystals. There was a little gleam from the softness when the sun touched it that was very fascinating. A toque to match was worn, with palest pink and mauve silk flowers with silver leaves laid flatly on the upturned brim. Cluster diamond ear-rings and ropes and rows of lovely pearls were her Majesty's jewels. When the Queen walked to see the King's filly unsaddled, she carried a silk sunshade exactly the colour of her dress, with a clear tortoiseshell handle. The King, with the Duke of Portland and Major Featherstonhaugh, got to the unsaddling enclosure first, and some difficulty was encountered in making way for the Queen to join his Majesty.



Three splendid sale bargains to be secured at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. The jumper and cardigan are of wool, and the tunic suit of wool bouclette. (See page 1308.)

There were numbers of pretty women and pretty girls on every side, and, let it be joyfully stated, powder to excess, lip-stick, and make-up were little in evidence. Sleeveless frocks there were in the Royal Enclosure, but the arms were draped in tulle or scarves were wound around them. A few dresses cut unbecomingly low at the back were encountered in the Paddock, but, take it all round, Ascot dress on the opening day was refined, tasteful, and charming. Of sunshades there were many varieties. Lady Sarah Wilson, always original, carried one of palest mauve velvet on a thick handle of lapis-lazuli blue. The dress was fawn colour, and the hat of similar tone had a mitre-shaped brim of pale mauve velvet. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith wore a cocoa-and-milk brown skirt, and over it a Directoire coat, save that there were no pointed lapels, of brown silk striped narrowly with dull gold. The shape of the brown hat worn was indescribable, so there it must be left. A. E. L.



Beautiful household linens of every description can be obtained at wonderfully reduced prices during the July sale held at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., and housewives should not fail to pay an early visit. (See page 1308.)

A "Farmer's" House

LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH was a modest man. To a friend he wrote: "My house at Burleigh is my mother's inheritance, who liveth and is the owner thereof, I but a farmer, and for the building I have set my house on the old foundations, indeed I have only made the rough stone walls square, and one side remaineth as my father left it me."

Surely no farmer ever raised such a wonderful monument to himself or described his work with such diffidence as did William Cecil when he rebuilt ancient Burghe minster. His magnificent mansion, an immense freestone pile built in the ancient fashion round a courtyard, and one of the noblest buildings in the land, epitomises the new progressive spirit of Elizabethan times, so ably fostered by this great statesman.

In the design of Burleigh House, the finest features of Tudor Gothic architecture are united with the beautiful lines of the Italian classic style which came into vogue during the late 16th century. The Lord Treasurer spared no expense to embellish his house with the finest work of the crafts, and further enriched it with the choicest specimens of the arts. Two ceilings at Burleigh are particularly noteworthy. An ante-room called Hell where the punishments of Purgatory are depicted, opens to a large room, Heaven, where the whole heathen Mythology is pictured, all in the most brilliant colourings.

King James halted at Burleigh on his way from Scotland to the English throne, and from the same land a few years later came that celebrated product of Scotland, John Haig Scotch Whisky, the fame of which was to spread the whole world over by reason of the consistent fine quality and faultless maturity which has ever characterised John Haig during its three hundred years' history.



The Staircase, Burleigh House, Northamptonshire.



Oak Settle. Jacobean Period.

The direct descendant of the lordly seat on the raised dais of Saxon and Norman times. This developed into the delightful seat by the great open fireplace and gradually became lighter in make. Such seats were often used as chests.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

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THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

(Continued from Page 1290.)

that there had been no violation of the sarcophagus; proved that, in handling the shrine, the explorers would be dealing with material undamaged and untouched since the burial of the boy-King nearly 3300 years before.

The folding doors of this shrine displayed, in superb relief, scenes of the dead King before Harakhte and Osiris.

It was then realised, Mr. Carter continued, that the unfolding of these doors would reveal the secret of the shrines. He at once tried, therefore, to effect an opening—cutting the cords, removing the seal, drawing back the bolts, and swinging back the doors. A third shrine, also sealed and intact, was revealed. Again the cord was cut, the seal removed, and the doors opened; and there was a fourth shrine, kindred in design and more brilliant than the last. This, like the others, was bolted, but it was not sealed. It was an indescribable minute for the archaeologist, said Mr. Carter, and he asked himself, "What does this fourth shrine contain?" With intense excitement, he drew back the bolts and opened the doors. It was the great moment. There, within, was a huge quartzite sarcophagus, intact, with lid firmly fixed.

Then, said Mr. Carter, it became obvious that the three remaining shrines would have to be taken to pieces before the sarcophagus itself could be contemplated as a whole. It was during the course of this undertaking that there were found between the third and the innermost shrine a pair of the gorgeous ceremonial *flabella*, fans of a type used to-day in the Vatican. One of them was lying at the head of the innermost shrine, the other along its south side. The golden *flabellum*, slides of which Mr. Carter showed, is illustrated elsewhere. The other fan, which is of ebony and gold, encrusted with turquoise, lapis-lazuli, and cornelian glass, is some five feet long, and the device upon it includes the titulary of the King.

Freed of the outer shrines, the fourth (innermost) shrine, said Mr. Carter, had the appearance of a golden tabernacle. Upon its folding doors were winged figures of the tutelary goddesses of the dead, in bas-relief. The roof and cornice were one piece, not in sections, as in the other cases. The raising of this bared the lid of the sarcophagus, which itself showed a peculiar feature, in that it was of granite, tinted to match the sarcophagus, and was cracked in the middle. It would seem, argued Mr. Carter, that, this being the case, there must have been an accident which made

it necessary to place on the sarcophagus this crude granite slab, in place of the quartzite lid which would have been in keeping with the sarcophagus.

As to the details of the sarcophagus itself, Mr. Carter waxed eloquent. "This sepulchral masterpiece, fit to hold the remains of a King, has," he said, "a rich entablature, consisting of a cavetto-cornice, Taurus moulding, and frieze of inscription; while the outstanding features are the guardian goddesses—Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Selk—so placed that their full-spread wings and outstretched arms encircle the sarcophagus with their protective embrace."

Next followed, said Mr. Carter, the raising of the lid, which was much complicated by the crack already mentioned. At last, however, it was lifted from its bed, and the light of the archaeologists' electric lamps shone into the casket. At first they were puzzled—the contents were covered by linen shrouds. "As the last was removed," said Mr. Carter, "a wonderful sight met our gaze—a golden effigy of the boy-King, of most magnificent workmanship, filling the whole of the interior of the sarcophagus." This, he went on to point out, was the lid of a remarkable anthropoid coffin, some seven feet in length, resting upon a low bier in the form of a lion. This is pictured in our pages in colours, and in black and white.

"Our lights were lowered," concluded Mr. Carter. "Once more we mounted those steps, once more in the open we beheld the blue vault of the heavens where the 'Sun is Lord'; but our inner thoughts still lingered over the splendour of that vanished Pharaoh, with his last appeal upon his coffin written upon our minds: 'Oh, Mother Nut, spread Thy Wings over me as the Imperishable Stars.'"

SUBMARINE "DREAMS" IN A DIVING-HELMET.

(Continued from Page 1276.)

they tugged at the delicate morsel that I held. A few feet away, an enormous herd of surgeon fishes browsed over the rocks, all facing one way, and moving slowly together like a herd of grazing cattle. Scattered among these were black-and-white and orange-and-purple angel fishes, also pulling at the algæ that covered the rough, black rocks. In the dim and cloudy distance moved other shapes, too far away to be seen as other than dark shadows in a milky fog. Underfoot, large gobies skipped over stones, and a moray eel writhed into his black cave.

Suddenly, a large, dark form slid rapidly across my very restricted horizon. It looked alarming. I find that when I am firmly seated in a staunch

boat, I am quite certain that a shark would practically never attack a man. But sunk in twenty feet of water, encased in a helmet which allows me to look only straight before me, that qualifying "practically" looms large, almost as large as this black, swiftly-approaching shadow that rolled on its side and made for me. Just as it sheered off I saw that it was a big curious sea-lion, shooting past, with folded flippers, so close that it almost brushed my legs.

Small sharks came to investigate me, but my assistants in the boat kept a vigilant watch for anything large enough to be alarming. Some of the most elusive fish were at last secured by this Mohammed-mountain method. Armed with a small harpoon, and provided with crab bait, I found it possible to spear many species that we had found unobtainable by other means. This submarine hunting requires a special technique, and it was some time before I learned to allow for the density of the water, which slowed my motions so much and hindered the fish not at all. The inter-relations of the different species, the close view of their swimming methods and feeding habits, make such a fascinating study that it is exasperating to be forced now and then to rest by the physical necessity of getting warm and dry. I am eagerly anticipating much further work along these lines.

Acquiring specimens by means of the helmet was not confined to the vertebrate species. We gathered quantities of creatures that inhabit the floor of the sea, and one of the best methods was found to be sending up rocks and buckets full of sand that we scraped from the bottom. These we took back to the ship and examined at leisure, finding in every crevice tiny organisms, as well as large sea-cucumbers, golden sea-worms, superbly sculptured shells, and crabs of bewildering variety. We also experienced the novel sensation of raising clouds of dust under water; for once the sand is disturbed there is enough current to send it floating in every direction, so that the view is completely obscured and one might imagine that a dozen motor-cars had just passed over a dusty road.

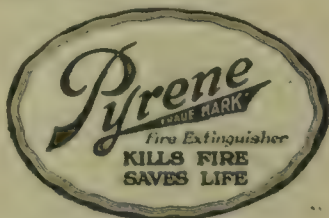
Everyone has had at least one experience which he afterwards finds it difficult to believe really happened to him. Repetition fails to dull the edge of novelty in diving. Though I went down day after day, I never failed, five minutes after emerging, to doubt that I had really done it, and to feel that it partook of the hazy quality of even the most vivid dream. If I were asked to prescribe for the worst case of sophisticated world weariness imaginable, I should without hesitation write: "R. One diving helmet."



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Fashions and Fancies.

Sale Time in the Shops.

Next week signals the commencement of the sales, and intrepid bargain hunters will find many treasures awaiting early capture. Holiday frocks, wraps, and sports outfits will be obtainable for a very small outlay, and remnants which can be made into a multitude of attractive accessories are given away for a mere song. And, speaking of remnants, a note should be made of the fact that Lilla, of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., is an expert in "making up" remnants of all kinds. With her help, full advantage may be taken of the splendid opportunities offered everywhere.

An Unprecedented Bargain.

It seems almost incredible that the well-cut tweed coat and skirt pictured here can be obtained for 45s. Yet such is the case, and it must be noted that the perfectly tailored coat is long enough to be worn over any frock, fulfilling the rôle of the simple "man's coat," which is fashionable for all purposes this season. Furthermore, it is lined throughout, and the skirt is mounted on a silk top. Available in various sizes and in three fashionable shades, it is an ideal outfit for town and country. Readers should not fail to seize this splendid opportunity, and on application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the shop whence it may be obtained.

Frocks at Sale Prices.

There are scores of pretty frocks for morning, afternoon, and evening, drastically reduced in price during the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., which lasts from June 29 to July 25. The evening frock of embroidered crêpe-de-Chine pictured on page 1304, has been marked down from 6 guineas to 59s. 6d., and dance frocks of georgette and lace are £5 18s. 6d. Fascinating tea frocks range from 55s. 9d. upwards, and a panelled tea gown of brocade and plissé georgette for the older woman is 7½ guineas. Boudoir wraps of woolback satin for 45s. 9d., and tailored coats and skirts, originally 7½ guineas, now 78s. 6d., are other bargains which must not be missed. A catalogue will be sent free on request.

A One-Week Sale.

July 6 to 11 is the short span allotted to the great summer sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. July 10 is a remnant day. There are wonderful bargains in every department, three typical offers being pictured on page 1304. The basket-stitch

jumper and cardigan of wool have been reduced to 21s. each; and 63s., instead of 89s. 6d., is the cost of the pretty wool bouclette tunic suit. A



Obtainable for the surprising sum of 45/- is this perfectly cut tweed suit, of which the coat can be worn alone, fulfilling with equal success the rôle of one of the straight "mannish" wraps which are so fashionable for all occasions this season.

limited number of frocks for day and street wear, in silks and cottons, are to be secured for 20s. each, and many frocks for afternoon and evening are available for 45s. each. In the sphere of lingerie, a wonderful set of Irish embroidered nainsook can be obtained for 4s. 9d. each the nightie and cami-combs; 3s. 9d. each the chemise and knickers; and 2s. 9d. the camisole. Useful princess petticoats of cambric, French embroidered, are only 3s. 11d. An illustrated catalogue will be sent free on request.

A 20 Per Cent. Reduction.

Housewives who wish to secure real Irish table linen at a 20 per cent. reduction should hasten to the great July sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. There are linen damask tablecloths, 2 yds. by 2 yds., offered at 21s. 6d.; and napkins to match, 22 in. by 22 in., are 25s. 9d. a dozen. Then, 200 pairs of pure linen hemmed sheets, single bed size, are marked at 35s. 9d. a pair, and hemmed cotton ones are only 16s. 6d. a pair. Blankets are obtainable at equally advantageous prices, as well as the beautiful linens of every description pictured on page 1304. An illustrated catalogue, including bargains in other departments, will be sent gratis and post free on application.

Bargains in Tailored Outfits.

Everyone should seize the opportunity of acquiring perfectly tailored models at bargain prices from the well-known firm of H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W., whose sale begins on Monday next. All models have been considerably reduced, a limited number of wraps and suits being offered at 7 guineas each. Other coats and skirts for every occasion are offered at 5 guineas, and wrap coats in tweeds and saxonys, etc., range from 4 guineas. A number of oddments marked at 3 guineas each can be secured by fortunate early visitors.

Horlick's for Health.

Strenuous days spent on tennis-courts and golf-links are apt to sap the vitality and leave one with a feeling of general slackness which is difficult to overcome. A nourishing beverage is a great help towards retaining health and vigour and warding off fatigue. Horlick's Malted Milk, made of fresh milk and the extracts of malted barley and wheat flour, is a splendid prescription, and calm and refreshing sleep is promoted by a glass of it each night. Prepared in a moment with hot or cold water, it can be obtained at all chemists from 2s. upwards. The Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets (price 7½d. and 1s. 3d. a flask) are excellent for sustaining strength when travelling.

Sporting Lore

LONDON.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925.

Nearly 100 years ago a most extraordinary scene was witnessed on the Newmarket Round Course. A certain George Osbaldeston, Esq., undertook to ride 200 miles on horseback within 10 hours, changing his mount at his discretion. His friend Col. Charite challenged his ability to do this and they engaged in a wager of a thousand guineas.

Various bye-bets to a great amount were also made, as much as 1,000 to 1 being offered and taken, that the rider did not accomplish the distance in 9 hours.

Mr. Osbaldeston, however, romped home in gallant style in 8 hrs., 42 mins., including the time taken for changing horses and refreshment. His weight, including saddle, and bridle was 11 st., 3 lbs.



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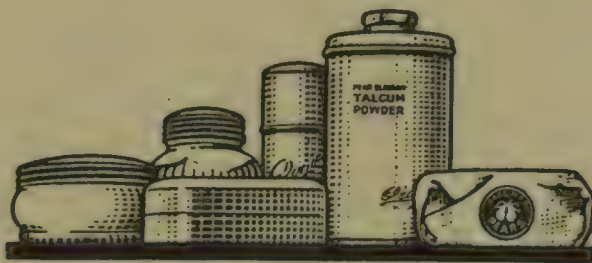




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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The New
President of the
S.M.M.T.

At a meeting of the Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., held on June 18, Sir William M. Letts, K.B.E., was elected President in succession

1905, one of the original signatories to the S.M.M.T., the first chairman of the agents' section, holding office from its inception in 1907 until 1910, when he was one of those responsible for the formation of the M.T.A. Sir William was High Sheriff of Carnarvonshire for the year 1922, and President of the Council of the Motor and Cycle Trades' Benevolent Fund, 1923, when he raised the then record subscription list of over £6500. He served on various committees of the S.M.M.T. over a long period and was Vice-President for the year 1924-5.

Four Wheel Brakes.

The R.A.C. desires to urge upon drivers of cars fitted with four-wheel brakes the need for extreme caution in their use, and the necessity for giving adequate warning to following traffic when about to apply them. The R.A.C. is of opinion that, whilst the meaning of a red triangle, or the letters "F.W.B." on the rear of a car is understood by other road users, the majority have no experience of four-wheel brakes, and therefore do not appreciate their remarkable retarding effect. As a result, a new driving danger has sprung into existence. Until four-wheel brakes are universally adopted, the R.A.C. trusts that drivers of cars so equipped will use their brakes with consideration.

Motoring Losses.

Among the services rendered by the Automobile Association to members is the recovery, whenever possible, of articles lost during journeys. During the past week, the A.A. patrols found thirty-five lost articles of clothing and four hood-covers. Twelve number-plates were found, indicating that greater care in fixing these plates is necessary. Altogether, sixty-one articles were reported as lost by members. In addition to a number of spare wheels, tyres, tools, hub-caps, and starting-handles, eleven hood-covers were lost, half-a-dozen hand-bags and luggage-bags, six coats, etc., and a half-dozen bunches of keys. Every effort is made to discover the owners of "found" property, and motorists who have suffered such losses are invited to communicate with the Secretary,

the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1, stating, if possible, the roads on which their property was lost.

A Swift Boom.

Messrs. Swift, Ltd., of Coventry, report that they are extremely busy at their Coventry factories just now in meeting a pressing demand for Swift cars, the 10-h.p. Swift four-seater being particularly in request. It is gratifying to know that so sound a product as this typical British light car is selling well, thereby indicating the discrimination for value and service possessed by the average owner-driver.

W. W.



"MOTOR-CIPSIES" AND THE JOYS OF CARAVANNING: TWO "ECCLES" CARAVANS AT A DELIGHTFUL CAMPING-GROUND.

The larger caravan (14 ft.) is attached to a Sunbeam car, and the smaller one (8 ft.) to a Morris-Cowley. These "Eccles" caravans are of suitable type for "trailing" behind a motor-car, and the pulling of a trailer has little effect on the average speed.

to Colonel J. Sealy Clark. One of the best-known personalities in the motor industry, Sir William Letts is also one of the busiest. He controls Crossley Motors, Ltd., Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., and A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., a trio of concerns forming one of the largest British combinations of motor-vehicle and aircraft builders. His connection with the motor industry dates back some twenty-eight years, and he is one of the few men who have watched its development practically from the beginning. He is well known "on the other side" and on the Continent, having made many visits to the U.S.A. and to most European countries in connection with his various interests.

A pioneer of the industry, Sir William was one of the founders of the Automobile Association in



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE S.M.M.T.: SIR WILLIAM M. LETTS, K.B.E.

Sir William Letts has just been elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, in succession to Colonel J. Sealy Clark. Sir William is Managing Director of Crossley Motors, Ltd., Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., and A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd.

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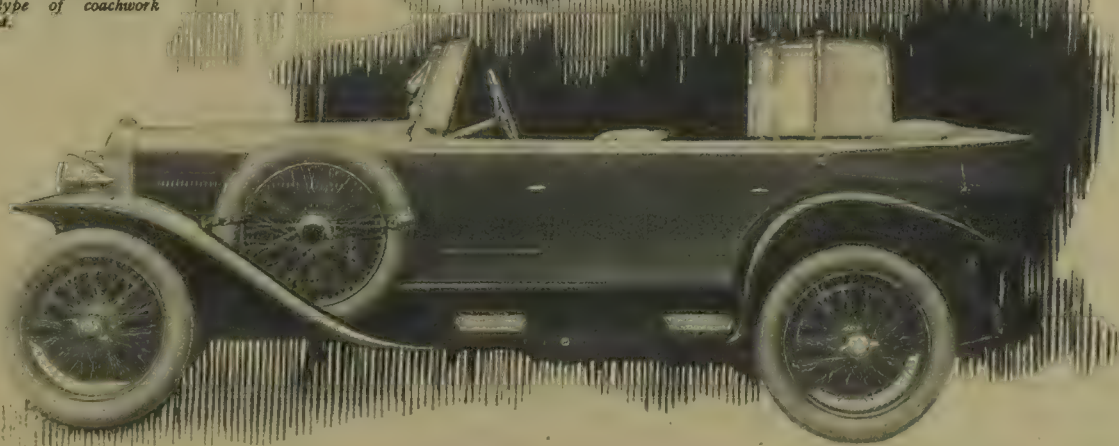
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE VICTORIAN AGE BACK AGAIN.

ONE could have told from a careful inspection of the audience at Covent Garden on the first night of the Italian season that one was in quite a different musical world from that of the preceding four weeks. The change was not more marked in the boxes than in the amphitheatre; but, if one could have inspected the gallery also, one would have found that it was most of all conspicuous there. For the audience in the gallery at Covent Garden is drawn by no social lures, no attractions adventitious to the music and the singers. Everywhere else the audience's motives for coming are mixed, but in the gallery people are drawn by a pure undiluted craving for æsthetic stimulus, whether musical, dramatic, or vocal.

During the German season the gallery is almost exclusively high-brow, more high-brow than the news editors of Fleet Street could possibly imagine. In fact, our daily Press, which is supposed to reflect life as it is lived in the Metropolis from day to day, contains no trace of the existence of this by no means small public which pays three shillings night after night to hear in extreme discomfort four solid hours of Wagner and Strauss. When the Italian season begins the high-brows vanish, and their place is taken by a vivacious mixture of Soho and the suburbs. All our Italian friends who live in voluntary or involuntary exile from the land of prima donnas and tenors turn up in crowds. Their interest is less æsthetic and more technical than that of the followers of Wagner and Strauss. They

discuss singers with all the connoisseurship of an old stableman reviewing the points of a horse. They have all heard Melba and Caruso, Scotti, Sammarco, Bonci, Tetrazzini, etc., and some of them even remember the de Reszkes and other stars of the ancient firmament. They have come not to hear Donizetti—few, indeed, at this time of day would do

Indeed, one of the most charming of the qualities of "Lucia di Lammermoor" is that musically there is, as Lord Melbourne once said of the Order of the Garter, "no damned nonsense of merit in it." Whenever we feel inclined to applaud Mme. Toti dal Monte we may do so without offending our own or anybody else's artistic conscience. In fact, we might even go

so far as to suggest to the management the propriety of introducing a discussion, a historical discussion, on the growth and development of the *fioritura* in Italian opera immediately after one of Mme. Toti dal Monte's arias. In fact, if "Lucia di Lammermoor," as an opera, is to hold its place in the operatic repertory to-day, it is really necessary to brighten it up and add to its attractiveness in some way or other. Intrinsically, it is not worth a farthing in to-day's English currency—especially now that the pound is more or less at a parity with the dollar. I suggest seriously that Mr. H. V. Higgins should take a hint from Signor Luigi Pirandello, who to-day in so much more illustrious than the deceased Signor Gaetano Donizetti. A scene inserted immediately after the singing by Mme. Toti dal Monte of "Quando rapira" in the first act, in which numerous singing masters break in and discuss her technique and repeat passages, and give other examples with various frills and flourishes, and quarrel

violently, would be vastly entertaining.

Again, after the famous Mad Scene we might have a conclave of doctors who discuss the reality of madness and the psychological importance of white satin—which, by the way, Mme. Toti dal Monte did not wear. It is true that these additions, particularly if done with characteristic Covent Garden brilliance,

[Continued overleaf.]



AN ACADEMY PICTURE BY A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: "JULY," BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A., THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTER OF SPORTING LIFE.

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that—but to compare Mme. Toti dal Monte with the last great prima donna of their recollection, and Mme. Toti dal Monte—knowing that all ears were, as it were, upon her—had the gratification of hearing the customary outburst of applause mingled with "bravos" interrupting the opera at the conclusion of her first aria.

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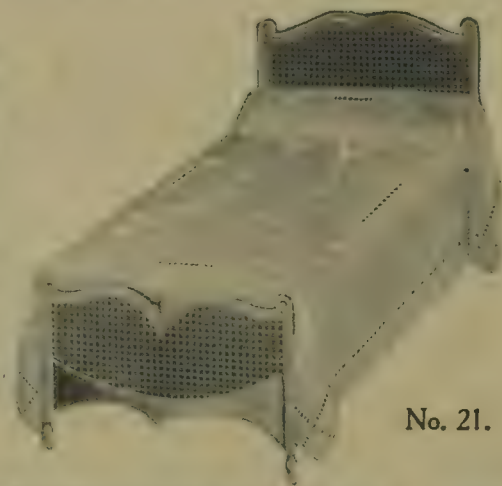
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(Continued.)

might diminish to some extent the lonely prominence of Mme. Toti dal Monte and draw attention away from her. But a singer so vocally agile as she could not possibly suffer from the importation of a slight dramatic interest into the evening's entertainment.



THE PORCELAIN PRINCESSES IN "AURORA'S WEDDING," AT THE COLISEUM: MME. SOUMAROVA AND MME. COXON WITH M. NICOLAS KREMNEFF.

And, quite apart from the music, the drama of "Lucia di Lammermoor" sadly needs strengthening. What little probability the libretto actually has was taken away from it literally by the synopsis which appeared on the programme for the benefit of those of the audience who were too young to know or too old to remember either Donizetti or Sir Walter Scott. At one place in the synopsis it appeared as though Lucia was to marry her brother, Enrico Ashton—a quite unnecessary complication and one that was not at all to the taste of the Victorian public for which "Lucia" was composed. If, however, "Lucia di Lammermoor" was ever Pirandellised, this little detail might be remembered. A second Enrico Ashton might be introduced, and we could have a long debate as to which of the two was the real one, and whether anybody with a name like Enrico Ashton could possibly be real at all.

Unfortunately, none of these extremely bright ideas is likely to be adopted by Mr. Higgins and his associates, so that my readers will by this time be wondering whether Mme. Toti dal Monte, herself alone, is sufficient reason for their attending a performance of "Lucia" at Covent Garden. On this point I am glad to be able to reassure them. Mme. Toti dal Monte possesses the characteristically small reed-like voice of the true *coloratura* soprano. It is deliciously cool in quality and admirably true in pitch. Naturally, she pirouettes and pyrotechnicises with incredible ease, and one has complete confidence in her virtuosity—which is a very necessary desideratum in a singer of this type, for it spoils all one's enjoyment if one is at all nervous of the singer's capacity to go completely through her task perfectly. She was ably abetted in her assault on our musical intelligence by Signor Badini, who was a good Enrico, and by a capable tenor new to Covent Garden, Signor Dino Borgioli. That experienced singer, M. Edouard Cotreuil, was all that

was required as Raimondo.

One left Covent Garden after hearing "Lucia" regretting the fact that our modern composers seem to have turned their backs on such individual and delightful talents as are possessed by a singer of the type of Mme. Toti dal Monte. It is a waste of virtuosity that such vocal gifts should find no modern form of expression, but be forced to display themselves in these ancient threadbare formulas. Moreover, if modern composers do not turn their attention to the opportunities which such singers as Mme. Toti dal Monte give them, these vocalists will become an extinct race, for the public will not go on for ever listening to

such worn-out music and such effete drama as "Lucia di Lammermoor." It is a great singing tradition, and it is a tradition which may easily die out, and once it is dead it will take a long time to rediscover it. Yet what wonderful things could be done by a modern composer with the imagination to write for Mme. Toti dal Monte and make a real æsthetic use of her powers! Is it too late for Richard Strauss to set the example? I know of no one else who seems capable of doing it.

W. J. TURNER.

At the motor lawn-mower trials, held recently in Regent's Park, Messrs. Thomas Green and Sons' motor-mower secured the highest award of the Royal Horticultural Society.

The directors of the Midland Bank, Ltd., announce that they have elected Sir Arthur Adlington Haworth, Bt., of Manchester, to a seat at their board.



THE RUSSIAN BALLET RETURNS TO THE COLISEUM: MME. ALICIA MARKOVA AND M. TCHERKAS AS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF, IN "AURORA'S WEDDING."

M. Diaghileff's Russian Ballet returned to the Coliseum, after an interval of absence, on June 22. During the first week of the resumed season it was arranged to revive "La Boutique Fantasque" on June 25, and on the next evening to give "Aurora's Wedding."

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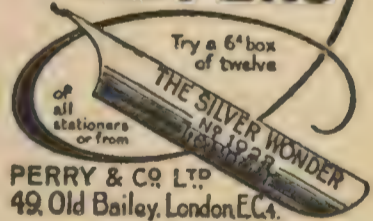
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE PIRANDELLO SEASON AT THE NEW OXFORD.

PIRANDELLO and his plays are with us, and the plays are to be seen with all the advantage of the Italian text, the Rome company to interpret them, and their author ready on the New Oxford stage to make explanations. But by this time we have grown accustomed to the maestro's methods and metaphysic, and intriguing dramatisations of the idea that it is the mind that makes reality and that fiction can be stronger than fact. Wisely, he began with the more familiar "Six Characters in Search of an Author." It will be remembered that the six characters, put on one side by their inventor as unsuitable, storm the stage when another piece is being rehearsed, and insist on acting out their story while the players look on at the parts they may ultimately play themselves. The players, it is suggested, are the shadows, while the fictive characters who clamour for expression in art have the more real life; and the point is urged with a good deal of amusing argument, but not pressed so far that philosophy is ever permitted to smother drama. The drama of these characters, indeed, when they get to work, is as horrific as any either Æschylus or D'Annunzio drew from the soil of Mycenæ, and Lamberto Picasso and Marta Abba, as father and step-daughter, bring out all its horrors. Later on came "Henry IV."; which, with its study of a man who goes mad and thinks himself the famous Emperor, then becomes sane, and finally, to escape a worse fate than the asylum in which doctors and attendants humour him, pretends or achieves madness again, is a play that raises disturbing questions as to the narrowness of the limits which divide sanity from dementia. Here Ruggero Ruggeri gives a marvellous display of tragic virtuosity; his is acting

on the grand scale such as should not be missed. A most interesting and exciting season!

"THE GUARDSMAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is such a pleasure to see an actor of Mr. Seymour Hicks's accomplishment and lightness of touch back in town, more particularly when he has the support of such a comédienne as Miss Madge Titheradge, that even a poorer piece than "The Guardsman" can be accepted at his hands with gratitude. An adaptation from a farce of Molnar, this play deals with the stratagems of an actor who, because of his wife's predilection for men in uniform, pretends to be a French cavalry officer and in that guise woos her afresh. There are not too many bright moments, but both Mr. Hicks and Miss Titheradge do wonders with their material and triumph over the difficulties of a long-drawn-out plot.

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY," AT THE SAVOY.

Authors must be allowed their moods, it is to be supposed, and Mr. St. John Ervine has done enough good and original work for the stage to claim the privilege of writing conventional domestic drama, if he feels that way disposed. Obviously he was in such a holiday humour when he wrote "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" and asked us to accept as portrait of an actress a mere bundle of frivolity, mischievousness, and caprice. His middle-aged siren, who flirts at midnight with a baronet in a boat at sea, and turns a country parish upside down with scandal, is artificial through and through, merely a show part in which Miss Eva Moore is able to air her engaging comedy talents. But it is good fun to see her letting herself go, to have her daughter, Miss Jill Moore, also in the caste, pretending to be a "modern" girl, and to meet with the playwright's good-natured caricatures

of parson, novelist, Girl-Guide leader, and retired Governor. The best thing in the play is the sketch of the illiterate theatrical manager whom Mr. Frank Bertram makes so full of vitality; he is worthy of the other Mr. Ervine who gave us "John Ferguson."

Towards the end of the year a cruise around the world, of 34,850 miles, will be undertaken by the *Empress of Scotland*, the flag-ship of the Canadian Pacific Fleet. The cruise will occupy 157 days, of which 91 days will be spent afloat, and 66 ashore. Christmas will be spent in the Holy Land, and New Year's Eve in Cairo. The tour embraces visits to Madeira, Algiers, the Riviera, Naples, the Holy Land, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Padang, Singapore, Manila, China and Japan, through the Panama Canal, Havana, New York, etc. The *Empress of Scotland* is an oil-burning vessel of 25,000 tons, with palatial accommodation. Illustrated booklets describing the cruise can be obtained from the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

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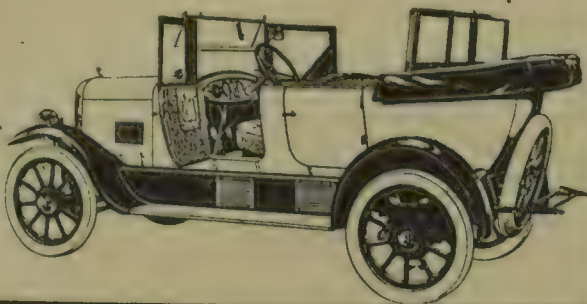
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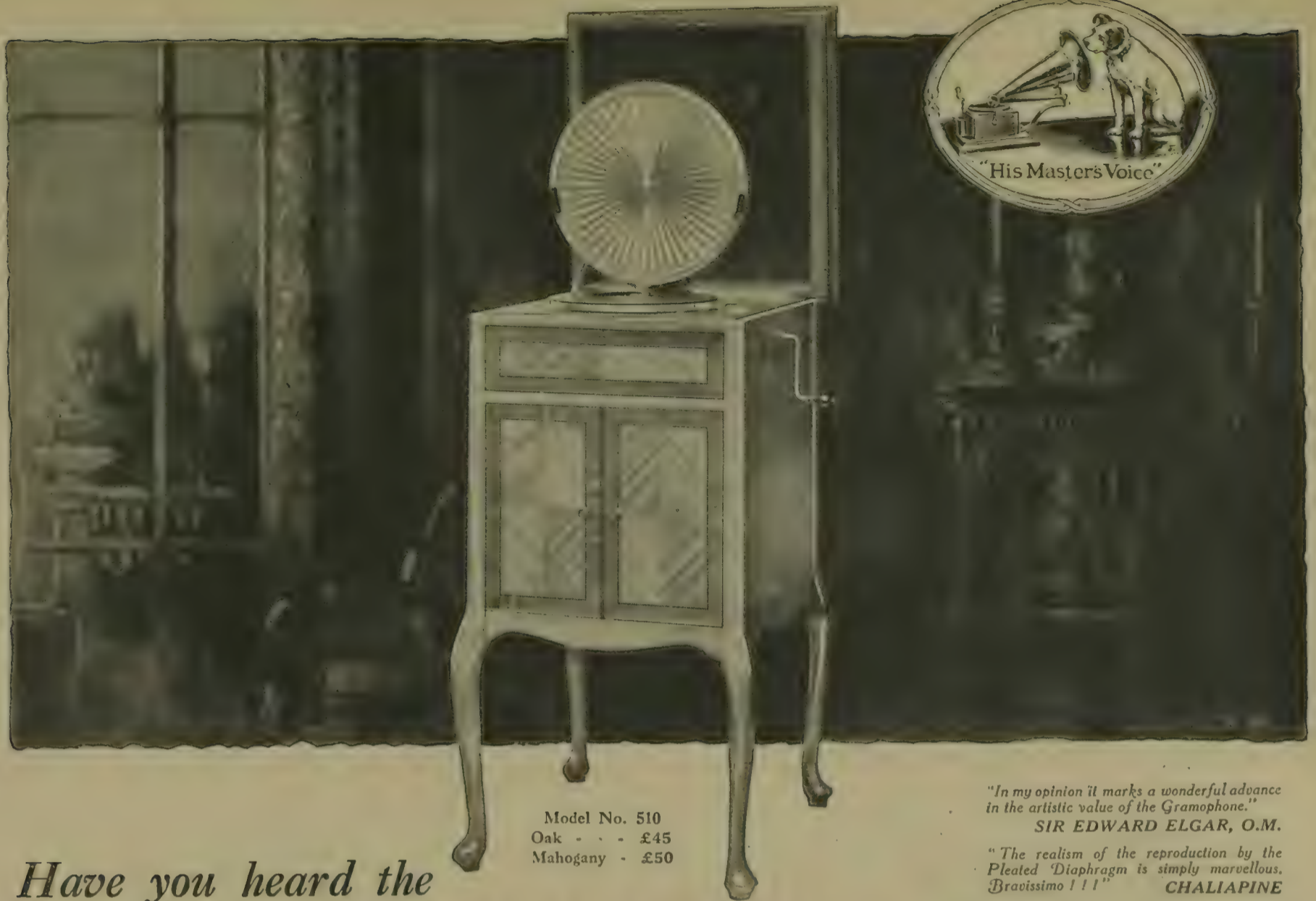
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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

It has always seemed to me a remarkable thing that the possibilities of the gramophone as a holiday companion are so little realised. True, one sees and hears the "portable" variety, but so often in surroundings that simply make them more of a nuisance than a blessing. A charabanc complete with trippers, paper caps, balloons, and streamers, hardly gives the gramophone a chance. Nor does the river, where you can hear a half-dozen of these little instruments competing with each other.

But—and I think my music-loving readers will agree—the one thing lacking on a holiday is the opportunity to hear one's favourite music when one wishes. You cannot walk, swim, or go fishing all the time, and it is at these moments, usually in the evening, and certainly on a wet day, that it becomes patent that a boarding-house drawing-room contains little food for the soul, however well they may supply your bodily needs. The piano has usually been installed as an item of furniture, without much regard to its true function. Even if it be a good one, the chances are that there are no guests who can play anything worth listening to. "By ear" is the system they follow, and the vocalists of the party seldom bring their music. So that harmony has a very short reign.

A good portable gramophone and some well-chosen records would alter this. Everyone likes first-class singing or playing, and respects genius. It is almost pathetic to watch those who for the first time are listening to a really great performance. It opens up a new world to their imagination, and they detect at once the mastery that makes it different from what they are used to. I do not suggest that you should take your latest records of ultra-modern music. Let your choice lean to the tuneful, but let it be good. Practically all records are now double-sided, and a dozen or eighteen discs would give you all that would be required: a couple of violin solos, some chamber music, vocal of various kinds, including operatic, a little orchestral, and some dance records. These last are, of course, very important social assets. First, they play dances at the correct *tempo* and give the real ball-room atmosphere; and, secondly, they save some poor good-natured fellow holiday-maker a gruelling evening endeavouring to keep things going with an indifferent technique and memory

The gramophone has long since reached a stage when, save that it is a mechanical device, one might almost be listening to the artists themselves. Why, then, leave all the delights it offers at home? Why not take some, at least, away and enjoy them when pleasure is your main objective, and when the worries



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of ordinary existence are left behind for a time? There is now no lack of portable gramophones that are capable of playing really exacting records. I speak as one with experience, having by this

means transformed a house full of frosty and exceedingly dull people into a jolly crowd of humans on holiday.

"OPERA AT HOME."

From the Gramophone Company comes a new, revised, and enlarged edition of the book of the stories of operas. It is some four years since it was first issued in library form, and the present edition runs to 480 pages of type and text, containing the stories of over 150 operas, with particulars of hundreds of records. The preface is contributed by Sir Hugh Allen, the President of the Royal College of Music, who says: "We are often accused of having no real liking for opera, but the truth is we really have very little opportunity of forming a taste for it. The number of people who can go to hear opera by reason of expense or locality is not large, and of them only a few know anything about what they are listening to. In many cases they know nothing of the story or the language in which it is performed. It is not surprising, therefore, that it has not taken root as deeply as it might, and as undoubtedly it will some day. This book ("Opera at Home"; 5s. net.) opens the door to a reasonable understanding of over 150 operas, out of each of which some definite living performances are used as illustrations."

The book abounds in out-of-the-way information and anecdotes of composers and opera singers. It ranges from "The Beggar's Opera" and Peri's "Dafne" (first performed at Florence in 1597) to "Salome" and "Hugh the Drover" (which was produced by the B.N.O.C. less than a year ago).

It is an important work of operatic reference, and a fine collection of stories. Particular interest attaches to the illustrations of well-known artists, past and present, in rôles that have made them famous. A reproduction is shown of a page of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" in the original score, and it is noted that the Gramophone Company presented the composer with a set of the first Japanese records ever made, which were recorded in Tokio in 1901. These records of native Japanese music formed the basis of the Japanese atmosphere so wonderfully created in "Madame Butterfly," and some of the *motifs* used were actually obtained from these "His Master's Voice" first Japanese gramophone recordings.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

JUST IMPEDIMENT. By CONSTANCE J. SMITH (ISABEL BEAUMONT). (Melrose; 7s. 6d. net.)

Anyone looking, through a bookseller's window, at the outward aspect of this novel would see the backs of a man and a woman standing together on the shore, facing a moonlit sea, but not taking any particular notice of it. He has one arm around her shoulders. It is not so much a question of "What are the wild waves saying?" but of "What are the man and the woman saying to each other?" The answer will be found early in the book. Mr. Edward Hammond, a prosperous solicitor, of forty-five and Guildford, was a married man, and he was showing more affection to Evelyn Bennett than, in his position, he ought to have done. There were circumstances however, which some may think extenuating. This is only the beginning of the story, which opens at Shoreham in the summer of 1922, and the plot is complicated by other characters, playing at cross-purposes in love. Through the bookseller's window we do not profess to see very far, but the situation is worth exploring.

SALLY IN HER ALLEY. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

In her new novel Mme. Albanesi has given a modern variant on "The Taming of the Shrew,"

The modern Petruchio, as pictured on the jacket, is a big and handsome young ranch-owner, with a lasso in one hand, and in the other a red-haired young woman in evening dress—the modern Katherine. He is Shane Melrose, a man of property in Arizona as well as in England, and she is Miss Sara Grantley (the Sally of the title), daughter of Sir Robert of that ilk, an English country gentleman, over-indulgent to a wilful daughter. The pair met, as the old parlour game puts it, in the foyer of the Carlton Hotel, in London. What he said to her, and what she said to him, and what the consequences were, form the subject matter of the book, and we would not, even if we could, give it away here and spoil the reader's enjoyment.

THE PEOPLE OF THE TIMBER BELT. By MARY E. FULLERTON. (Philpot; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is an Australian story put into the mouth of a woman who, in quest of the simple life, went to live in a primitive community of back settlers, as teacher in a local school. "We are the People of the Timber Belt," she explains at the outset, "pioneers of the primeval Bush, still largely un-cleared, hard because our work is hard. . . . But there is no simplicity in these outposts of civilisation. . . . I, who came here to 'escape from life,' to put away personal emotion, and to rest in new work, have been drawn into all the tangled passions

of the strangest, most tragic human beings God ever made." Such is the rather depressing prospect held out for the reader's delectation, and the promise is fulfilled by events that culminate in murder and suicide. There is a "mystery woman," around whom the tragic atmosphere gathers; and the story, though not exactly amusing—and not meant to be—is told with considerable power.

FIDDLESTRINGS. By JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY. (Ward Lock; 7s. 6d. net.)

The "fiddlestrings" of this story belonged to a violin we hear, in the first chapter, played by a prospector in the West African forest. Tragic things happen swiftly. The prospector fells a mulatto who is carrying off a native girl; the mulatto persuades the natives that he was rescuing the girl from the prospector, and the prospector is murdered by them. His partner escapes with the documents relating to a valuable concession they had shared, and it is with the subsequent history of the partner that this story is concerned. While escaping, he encountered the mulatto, fought him, and left him for dead. Later, he is tempted to defraud his late partner's daughter, and he grows rich; but Nemesis is on his track, for the mulatto was not dead, but lived to come to England and blackmail him. Ugly incidents follow, mingled with the development of more than one affair of the heart, and, though all's well that ends well for two pairs of lovers, the owner of the ill-gotten gains, pursued alike by his conscience and his enemy, is not one of the happy four.

GORDON OF THE LOST LAGOON. A ROMANCE OF THE PACIFIC COAST. By ROBERT WATSON. (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a story of open-air toil, rough-and-tumble fighting, and crude love-making in a land of simple ideas and primitive passions. The first part of the book, which opens on a wharf of the Northern Pacific Lumber Mills, overlooking Burrard Inlet, relates the hero's adventures as a twelve-year-old boy, and his first meeting with the heroine. Some of the names have a flavour of film land. "Doug let out a shout, sprang up on to the rail, and made to jump after the dog, and it was only through the agility of Coogan that he did not succeed." In Part II., where the narrative suddenly changes from the third to the first person, Doug describes the events that end in a fierce personal encounter between himself and his rival for the hand of the heroine, who looks on and dramatically intervenes, at a lonely spot on the Isle of Lost Lagoon.

There is wit and entertainment enough in our advertising pages to repay more than a casual glance. Among the gayest of displays are the dainty announcements of Rowntree's "York" chocolates. These are adorned with sprightly drawings from the inimitable pencil of Rilette—little flashes as bright as gleams of sunshine or the smiles of happy people enjoying the delicious confections which make Rowntree's "York" chocolates so popular.

Congratulations are due to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, both on having attained its seventieth birthday, and on the illustrated record of its career, from 1855 to 1925, which it has just issued. The brochure, which is excellently produced, with a picture of the offices in colour on the cover, contains a historical record and very numerous photographs, including portraits and scenes of activity in the various departments. It forms a typical history of the growth and conduct of a great newspaper enterprise. The *Sheffield Telegraph*, which is one of the chief provincial dailies, claims to be the oldest penny morning paper in Great Britain, as well as the oldest daily paper in the provinces. To maintain its record it was continued at a penny throughout the war and afterwards. The story of its origin and development forms an interesting chapter in the annals of the Press.

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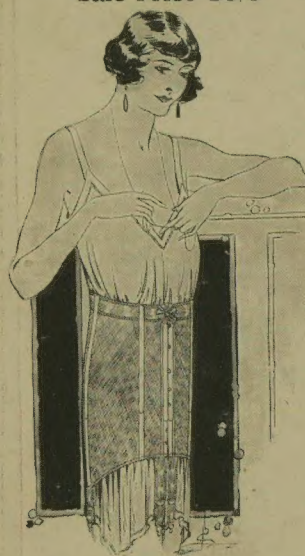
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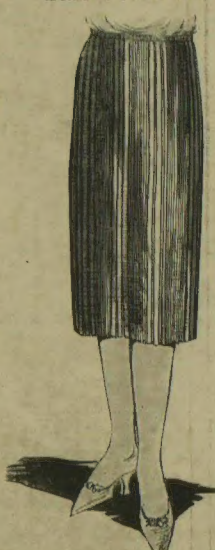
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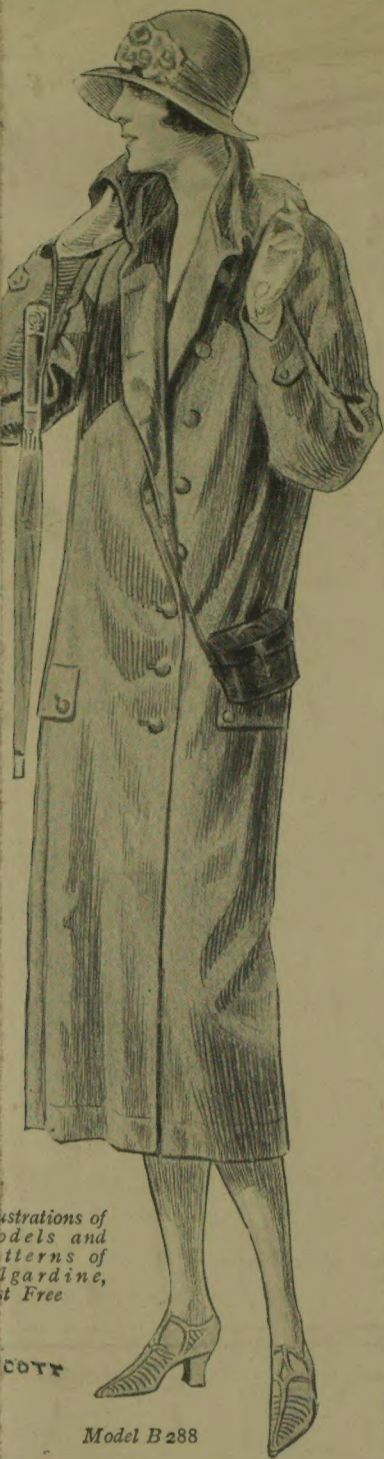
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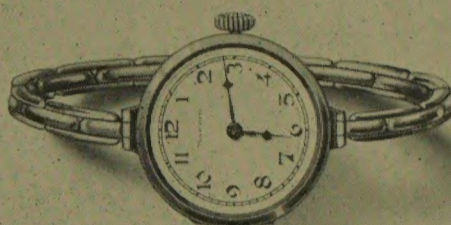
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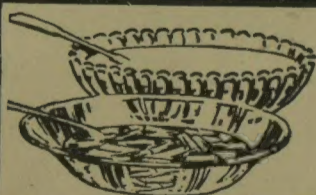
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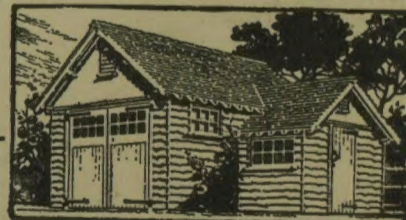
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